

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 815



JULY 11, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

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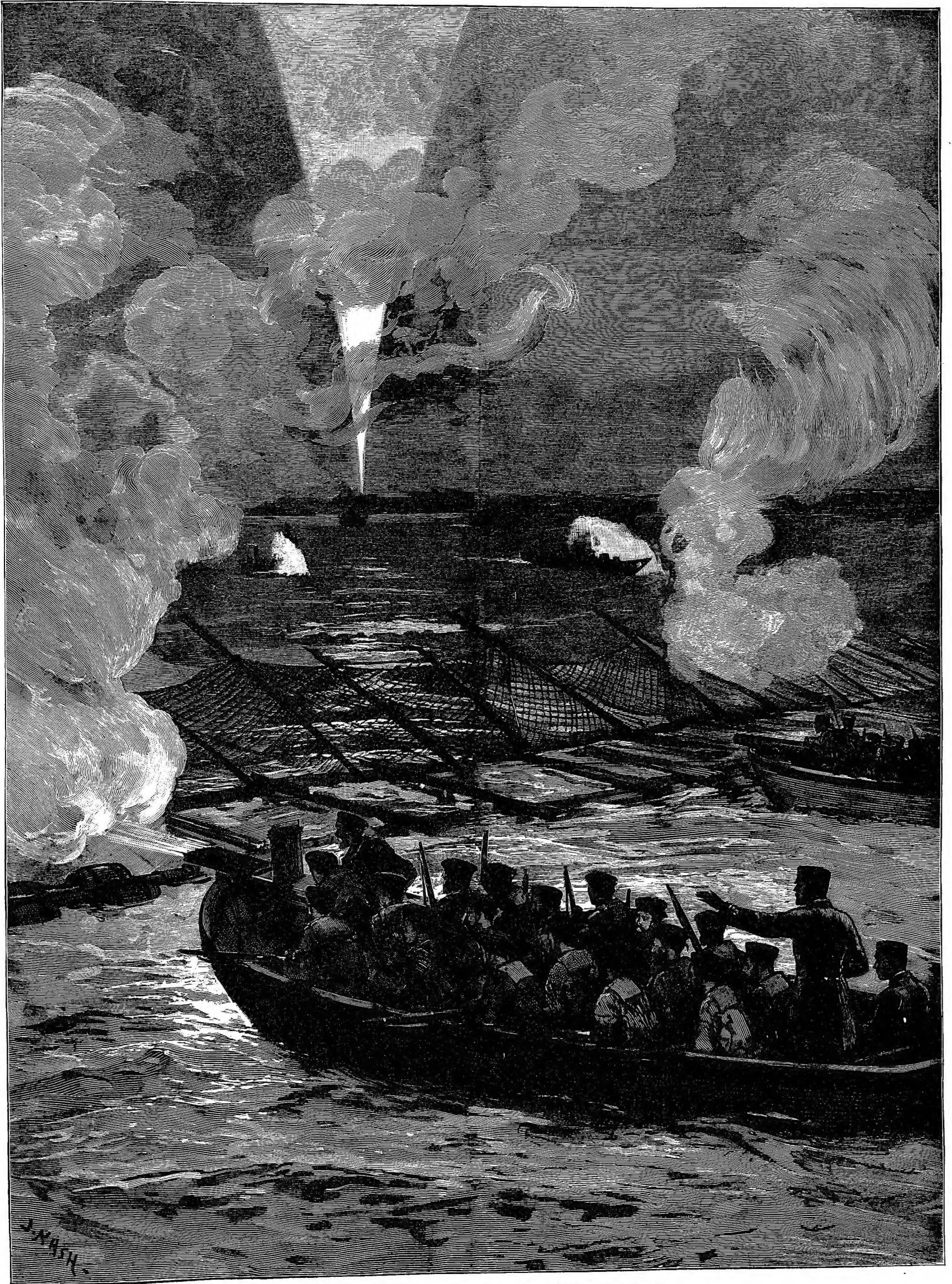
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 815.—Vol. XXXII.] ÉDITION
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SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1885

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THE NIGHT ATTACK ON THE BOOM

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON IN BANTRY BAY

Topics of the Week

PARLIAMENT AND THE MINISTRY.—It was natural that Sir Wilfrid Lawson, returning to England after a rather prolonged absence, should express surprise at the willingness of the House of Commons to surrender to the Government the whole of its disposable time with the exception of Fridays. The general belief, however, is that Mr. Gladstone acted wisely in acceding to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's proposition. The struggle between the two parties must now be fought out, not in Parliament, but in the constituencies; and if the Liberals unnecessarily embarrassed the Ministry, they would greatly diminish their own chances of success in the General Election. The Conservatives assumed office in very exceptional circumstances, and they had a right to expect that they would be treated fairly, and even generously. If all the measures adopted by the Government become law, a good deal of important work will have been accomplished. The list includes the East India Loan Bill, the Australian Federation Bill, the Irish Land Purchase Bill, the Irish Labourers' Act Amendment Bill, and the Secretary for Scotland Bill. Opportunities are also to be given for the passing of the Medical Relief Disqualification Bill, and the House of Commons will be asked to accept those provisions of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill about which the best authorities on the subject are practically agreed. Having conceded so much, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach might have undertaken to offer facilities for the consideration of the Crofters' Bill and the Welsh Intermediate Education Bill; but the postponement of these measures will not cause much inconvenience, since the matters to which they relate are sure to be discussed at an early date by the next Parliament, whether a Tory or a Liberal Government be in power. Should the business of the remaining part of the Session advance as smoothly as most people expect, we shall soon be in the midst of the electoral contest. The Liberals seem to be as confident as ever that victory will declare itself on their side, but no one can really tell how the agricultural labourers will vote. As yet it is not even known what are the definite issues which will be raised by the Liberal leaders.

THE BATTLE OF BANTRY BAY.—Although the world at large probably prefers peace, it is not unnatural that naval men should long for a chance of practically testing the various inventions which within the last forty years have revolutionised the fleets of the civilised world. Happily the chance has never yet arrived in a really genuine form, that is, a contest between two or more first-class Powers for supremacy at sea, but glimpses of light as to the possible conditions of modern naval warfare have been from time to time afforded. Instruction of this sort was given during the American Civil War, during the Russo-Turkish War, and perhaps, most of all, during the struggle between Chili and Peru. But, after all, the information thus conveyed was meagre and untrustworthy. Bearing these facts in mind the late Government wisely decided that, with a view of ascertaining whether our Navy was in as feeble and defective a condition as had been represented in some quarters, it would be well to test its efficiency as practically as possible. Hence the recent evolutions of the Particular Service Squadron, culminating in the attack on Berehaven. It was perhaps the most ambitious attempt to imitate sea-fighting since steam and electricity, new guns and torpedoes, came into vogue. And in many respects the display was instructive, thereby justifying the large amount of money it has cost. The questions asked of the officers by Admiral Hornby in his Memorandum will be answered with a degree of accuracy and precision which would have been presumptuous before the Battle of Bantry was fought. But, in spite of these advantages, one insurmountable objection remains: the spectacle was magnificent, but it was not war, because the selected combatants only made believe to fight. This fact tends to lessen the value of some of the inferences which might otherwise be derived from the mimic contest. Would a hostile fleet, for example, be able to advance under a fire which was really, and not merely pretended, withering? Would the *Polyphemus*, if assailed by live torpedoes, have survived to burst the boom? These questions cannot be answered with any degree of certainty. The operations, however, have helped to substantiate one very important fact. It is pretty clear that both officers and men still show the same pluck, endurance, and readiness of resource which distinguished our sailors in the days of Blake, of Rodney, and of Nelson. It is an excellent thing to have the ships and the money, but no mere collection of scientific appliances will avail, unless we have the right sort of men to use them.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER.—There was no part of Lord Salisbury's programme of policy which elicited more applause than that which dealt with the future defence of India against northern invasion. The Premier gave expression to what has been for some time floating in the public mind, when he said that we must no longer trust to Russian promises or to Afghan friendship, but to our own resources. If the Ameer remains loyal, if the Cossack halts north of Herat, well and good; that would be the best for all concerned. Since, however, these contingencies are very uncertain, England should push on her defensive arrangements with all possible despatch.

Russia will not be any more eager to invade Hindostan when its frontier is rendered almost impregnable, while the Afghan will be all the more likely to remain faithful when he feels himself within easy reach of those who crushed Shere Ali. As we understand Lord Salisbury, it is the purpose of the Government to secure such a frontier as will allow us the option of either remaining on the offensive or of assuming the offensive; in other words, a "scientific frontier." All military experts recognise that this is the only sort of boundary worth having, when an active and unscrupulous enemy is to be kept at a distance. With a purely defensive frontier, such as a mountain range whose passes are only guarded on one side, the enemy can mass at leisure on the other, and make the attack at any time and at any point without being disturbed. Lord Salisbury is well advised, therefore, in determining to carry forward the line of fortified posts beyond the formal frontier, so as to give an invader some trouble before he reached the latter, thus allowing time for reinforcements to come up. We trust the Government will not lose sight of that very important matter, the re-arming of the Native Infantry. The Snider is a good enough weapon against Asiatic enemies, but it would be most unfair to match the Sepoy carrying that antiquated rifle against Russian troops armed with improved Berdans.

IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.—If the Government should be unable to maintain order in Ireland by means of the ordinary law, they will have incurred a terrible responsibility by declining to propose the renewal of the Crimes Act. This they themselves perceive; and it is improbable that they feel perfectly confident of the success of the bold experiment they have resolved to make. No one can pretend to believe that the Irish peasantry are less hostile to England or to landlords to-day than they were three years ago, and it is certain that there are "patriots" who will be ready enough to advise them to renew the "No Rent" agitation by which they have so largely profited. Already Mr. Davitt has been denouncing "rent-stealing" and "the attendant crime of eviction;" and he has urged Irishmen to remember "the crimes and infamies of the ruthless Tories," and to "strike again, as in the days of the Land League, at the very heart of the system." This does not look like conciliation, and unfortunately Mr. Davitt is a very powerful man, and represents accurately the sentiments of an immense number of his countrymen. The only hopeful element in the situation is that it may suit Mr. Parnell to offer less violent counsels. Should the winter pass without agrarian crime, the new Parliament, even if the Conservatives are in office, may be disposed to give favourable consideration to proposals for the extension of the system of local self-government in Ireland. On the other hand, if an attempt is made to establish another Reign of Terror, even the Radicals may hesitate to give much power to Irish local bodies. It may therefore be the interest of the Nationalist leader to use his influence in favour of peace. Even if he should adopt this policy, however, it remains to be seen whether he has power enough to control the vehement temper of the extreme section of his followers.

THE LYONS SILK TRADE.—Like Manchester, Lyons was a turbulent city in the old days. Fifty years ago riots, almost amounting in magnitude to insurrections, were not unfrequent, and it was then that the famous formula was promulgated: "Let us live working, or die fighting." Lyons, as is the case in our own mining and manufacturing centres, has since become milder in the matter of her trade disputes, but disputes have by no means ceased to exist. The silk industry is very unprosperous just now, and consequently masters and men (or, more correctly, merchants and loom-owners), are quarrelling over their respective share of the narrow margin of profit obtainable. Whence this distress? From various causes. The Republic does not, as did the Empire, encourage magnificence of attire, and the uniform fabrics which the public chiefly demand are made in large factories outside the city. Then Italy and Germany have become formidable rivals. Lastly, fabrics in which silk, wool, and cotton are cunningly mingled, are more common than they were; but in making these tissues the Lyons manufacturer is handicapped against his foreign rivals by the duty on cotton yarn, which he has to pay in order to protect the cotton-spinners of Rouen. Altogether, Lyons seems to be losing ground as Spitalfields lost ground. The highly-skilled artisan, who produced a beautiful and costly fabric, is beaten out of the field by machinery which reels out yard upon yard of an inferior, but fairly serviceable, article. The change is sad and regrettable, but it seems to be inevitable. Meanwhile, we commend to Mr. Ecroyd and the Fair Traders the incident of the protected cotton yarn, which shows the difficulty of arranging a protective tariff. While protecting the industry of one native, you may be taxing the raw material which another native uses in his business.

BECHUANALAND.—Sir Charles Warren is evidently a capable administrator as well as a resolute commander. Having frightened those vultures, the filibusters, away from Bechuanaland, he is now intent on the conversion of the country into a British colony. Judging from the accounts given by travellers of different nationalities, it possesses all the essentials for that career. The natives, while detesting the Dutch, have always shown strong partiality for the

English, and this feeling has not been diminished, we may depend upon it, by Sir Charles Warren's recent doings on their behalf. In addition to this amiable characteristic, the Bechuanas are keen traders as well as industrious farmers, resembling in both respect the Basutos, with whom they are lineally connected. The land is represented as very fertile in many parts, affording splendid pasturage for cattle at present, but being quite suitable for the plough. Nor is there anything in the climate to prevent European settlers from carrying on agricultural operations. The heat is not greater than in the Transvaal, if so great, and, as soon as the European constitution becomes acclimatised, good health is the rule. This, then, is the Promised Land to which Sir Charles Warren invites our surplus population. He has 70,000 square miles of unoccupied land at his disposal, and the neighbouring native tribes are not only willing but anxious for Englishmen to dwell among them. But before carrying the colonisation project any farther, it is very desirable to have the future political status of the dependency settled. Make it a Crown Colony and it will flourish; place it under the Cape Government, and we shall assuredly see a repetition in Bechuanaland of the senseless warfare which lately desolated Basutoland. The Dutch element is now dominant in the Cape Parliament, and its method of ruling native races is not in accordance with English ideas, being too much based on the idea that all the possessions of a black belong by right to his nearest white neighbour.

EGYPT.—In his statement on Monday Lord Salisbury spoke very cautiously about the policy he intends to pursue with regard to Egypt. He showed clearly enough, however, that he did not underrate the enormous difficulties with which he will have to contend in that country. Mr. Gladstone is of opinion that he exaggerates the power of the Mahdi, but the Prime Minister is supported by the authority of Lord Wolseley, and Lord Wolseley has had better opportunities than any one else of forming a trustworthy judgment on this subject. With regard to Egypt itself, almost the only thing which at present seems quite clear is that we cannot hope to withdraw from the country at an early date. Had the last Government acted promptly, vigorously, and consistently after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, the Egyptian people might now have been prosperous and contented; but, as a matter of fact, their affairs are in the greatest confusion, and we are bound in honour to remain until order of some kind has been evolved, from the chaos we have ourselves created. The appointment of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff as Commissioner in Egypt gave rise to a suspicion that Lord Salisbury proposed to begin the work of reform by removing the Khédive from office. But the Premier has declared that he never had such an intention; and now we may hope that nothing will be done which could give any one, either in Egypt or elsewhere, an excuse for questioning the good faith of England. Whatever the Conservative Government may do, they will, of course, have to be prepared for the resistance of France; but, fortunately, there are indications that they will have the sympathy, and perhaps the help, of the Central European Powers. The real interests of England in Egypt are in no way inconsistent with those of Germany, and it will suit Prince Bismarck to aid the Tories as far as possible in their efforts to achieve a decided success in the conduct of Foreign Affairs before the General Election.

NATIONAL SPORTS' PROTECTION AND DEFENCE.—At the meeting of the Association bearing the above title on Monday last, Lord Lonsdale objected to the name, on the ground that sports should be encouraged as well as defended. We also think the title somewhat inappropriate; but our objection applies to its vagueness. It makes one open eyes of astonishment to suppose that sport, in the broad sense of the word, needs any artificial stimulus in such a country as this. Surely cricket does not need any encouragement; while, as for horse-racing and coursing, they have become such mere excuses for gambling that many a sound sportsman would not be sorry if they sank into utter disrepute. What the Association must really desire to protect is shooting in its various forms; though we hope pigeon-shooting (a sport cruel in itself, and tainted by the sordid gambling instinct) is not included in its programme. There is evidently a fear that the new Parliament may still further curtail the sporting privileges of landowners. We doubt, however, if any serious change will be effected in this direction, because the existing arrangements, as regards pheasants and partridges, on the whole conduce to the public benefit. Thousands of delicately-flavoured creatures are bred every year, at a cost (in the case of pheasants certainly) far beyond their market value, in order that a number of sportsmen may indulge their hobby of shooting. Both those who kill and those who eat the birds get a great deal of pleasure, and it must be borne in mind that the shooters are not all dukes and millionaires. Many a hard-worked professional man looks forward to his three weeks' shooting in September or October as the chief fruition of his earthly desires. As for the Ground Game Act, sportsmen need not, in one sense, regret its passage, because it has deprived the Anti-Game Law agitators of their chief arguments, but it has undoubtedly gone farther than Sir W. Harcourt intended. Hares are in some districts almost annihilated, and rabbits are in many places so scarce that artificial breeding in burrows is rapidly extending. In a thickly-peopled country like this, hares, and still more, rabbits, afford a very popular and valuable food-supply. We therefore venture to think that a

short close time, even for rabbits, and certainly for hares, would be advisable; but, where landlords and tenants pull pleasantly together, much may be done without legislation.

THE ATTACK AT HUÉ.—Although General de Courcy appears to have beaten off the attack of the Annamites, and inflicted severe losses upon them, the outbreak is undoubtedly a serious matter for France. Her people have become heartily sick of the distant expeditions in search of glory, which were M. Ferry's foible; and they were hoping, when this news arrived, that the Tonquin Question had reached a final settlement. Moreover, although there is no present evidence to connect China with the attack, the Pekin War-party are known to be most anxious to try conclusions again with the French. It is quite possible that the Regent at Hué received a hint to pick a quarrel with the barbarians, and to drive them into the sea at the first convenient opportunity. Even if Thuong took action without mandarin prompting, it is certain that he will receive Chinese sympathy, and this has a manner of showing itself in very practical ways. General de Courcy's later despatches show a very evident sense of uneasiness, as if he recognised that the situation was more perilous than he cared officially to acknowledge. Even after making allowance for unintentional exaggeration, the 30,000 Annamite soldiers, whom he mentions as the attacking party, must have been a formidable body of troops compared with the small force under his command. Reinforcements will soon arrive, however, from Tonquin; and, as the ammunition and rations were saved from the conflagration, the garrison ought to be able to hold out until then. The really grave part of the business, so far as France is concerned, is that it seems to presage a renewal of the sterile strife into which M. Ferry so foolishly plunged. This treacherous attack must be avenged; then the Annamites will find themselves compelled to play the avenger; then the turn will come round again to the French, and so on, without any further result than carnage and ruin.

MR. BRADLAUGH.—Those who supported Mr. Bradlaugh on Monday were, as every one expected, defeated. They were certainly not, however, defeated in argument. Their position simply was—as it has been all along—that the House of Commons had nothing to do with Mr. Bradlaugh's theological or anti-theological beliefs. He offered to take the Oath, and it was for him, and for him alone, to determine whether he interpreted its terms in the ordinary sense or in a sense of his own. When the House of Commons says to a member, "You are an Atheist or Agnostic, and therefore shall not take the Oath," it claims and asserts a right which was never legally created, and which is inconsistent with the whole spirit of the English Constitution. It may be hoped that the difficulty will be got rid of by the next Parliament by means of an Affirmation Bill. To honest men an affirmation is quite as binding as an oath, and there is something repulsive in the rule that members shall go through a solemn form which some of them may hold to be meaningless. If the Oath is a theological test, it fails of its object, since it may be easily taken by men who have as little belief as Mr. Bradlaugh in the fundamental doctrines of theology, but who are less noisy in the expression of their opinions. The right of affirmation has worked well in our Courts of Justice, and there can be no good reason why, having been conceded to witnesses and jurymen, it should be denied to members of Parliament.

VIOLENT LANGUAGE.—In the good old days leading statesmen rarely made partisan speeches outside the walls of Parliament; they left such matters to their subordinates. Nowadays, in and out of Session, Ministers and ex-Ministers are perpetually on the stump, and, as a natural penalty for their much speaking, they often say rash, foolish, and mischievous things. When Lord Salisbury recently used the words "swindler" and "bankrupt" in connection with the conduct of the Russian Government, he said in an unnecessarily brusque and offensive way something which was in itself by no means without justification, but which it would have been prudent on the part of a possible Premier to veil in phrases of polite sarcasm. The Russian Government, it may be presumed, have neither forgotten nor forgiven Lord Salisbury's incisive words, but they doubtless think that they can better further their interests in the East by keeping on civil terms with him than by demanding an apology, and thereby running the risk of an international quarrel. Of Lord Randolph Churchill, now that he is the ruler of some hundreds of millions of our dusky fellow-citizens in the East, we desire to speak with becoming respect. Still, we cannot forget that only the other day he was rather an *enfant terrible*. Does his lordship still adhere to the opinion which he expressed in December, 1883, concerning the Khedive Tewfik? Tewfik, he declared, was a monster of wickedness, Arabi an angel of light. Yet Lord Salisbury, in his statesmanlike speech of Monday, says: "Throughout the whole of this calamitous history, the Khedive has shown himself loyal and steadfast to England." If Lord Randolph still thinks as he professed to think eighteen months ago, he and Lord Salisbury can scarcely be in accord as to the proper solution of the Egyptian problem. But we prefer to believe that the Indian Secretary spoke at random when he talked of "Tewfik and his hideous crew," and that the responsibilities of office will soon teach him the wisdom of being swift to hear and slow to speak.

MENDICANT MEETINGS.—No wonder that the public are beginning to give less liberal response to the solicitations of charitable and quasi-charitable organisations. Legion is their number, and like the daughters of the horse-leech, they continually cry, "Give, give." The latest, and perhaps, the most audacious, is the demand put forward at a Mansion House meeting for subscriptions to the proposed Volunteer Benevolent Association. We have not a syllable to say against the institution itself; on the contrary, we see much advantage in our citizen soldiers having a benefit society of their own, which would operate in their case as other benefit societies do in their respective spheres. But why should the public be placed under contribution? The force now numbers more than 200,000 members, and there must be scattered through the kingdom fully half-a-million more who have passed through the Volunteer ranks. Here, then, are the makings of a colossal Benefit Society, and as Volunteers, past and present, are rarely in indigent circumstances, there is no reason at all why the concern should not flourish on a self-supporting basis. Yet so ingrained has the national habit of begging become, that a subscription list was opened before the Mansion House meeting broke up, and no doubt it will soon show a handsome sum. We entirely agree with Lord Wemyss that this touting for charity is derogatory to the force, and we make little doubt the majority of Volunteers will take the same view. The Duke of Cambridge, who approved the scheme generally, deprecated this begging, but thought that if the public got up a subscription of their own accord, the Volunteers might pocket their dignity. We presume to differ from His Royal Highness, being unable to appreciate the difference between the mendicant who openly asks for alms and the slyer vagabond who makes himself a picture of woe in order to stimulate public compassion. There is far too much of this fashionable begging going on; one might even suspect that some of the promoters find their profit—notoriety or what not—in the business.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, every evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry. Preceded at 7.45 by THE BALANCE OF COMFORT.

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The two Grand Historical paintings by F. SARGENT, contain upwards of 350 portraits from special sittings. On view at 175, New Bond Street, Ten to Six. Admission One Shilling.

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"ANNO DOMINI," by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW on VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

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13	7.20	7.25	6.40
14	8.45	8.50	6.40
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NOTICE.—With this week's number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "A VISIT TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO, IV.," drawn and written by H. H. Johnston. The pagination of this Supplement is incorrect. It must be placed for binding before page 49.

NOTICE.—With this week's issue is published the Title-page and Index to Vol. XXXI.



THE BATTLE OF BANTRY

"THE spirit of real war seemed to pervade all ranks during the twenty-four hours of mimic hostilities in the Bay of Bantry on Monday. Over rock and bog the guns were dragged, the men of the *Minotaur* having perhaps the roughest work of this kind in bringing the guns into position on the north shore of the eastern boom.

"A keen look-out was kept on both shores for any signs of the enemy, who shortly after war was declared showed up in force in the direction of the western boom. It was only a reconnaissance, but kept our men on the alert all through the day.

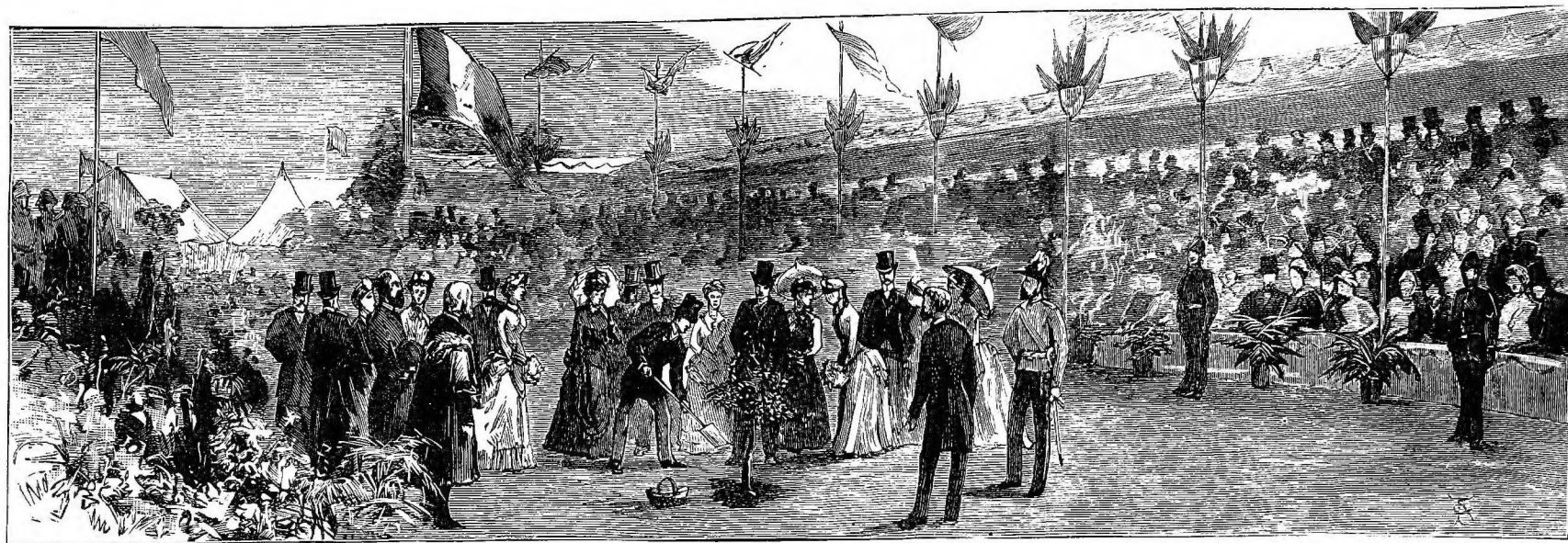
"AWAITING THE ENEMY"

"The eastern boom, our strongest defence, was perfect in every way, in spite of the enemy's uncomplimentary remark that laying down our masts and yards was all "tom-boomery," and that they could rush it with ease. This they learnt to their cost on Monday night, when, shortly after the moon had risen, their torpedo boats advanced for the attack. The *Mercury* signalled a general move forward, and tried to dazzle us by continually throwing her electric light in our eyes. But the use of electric light in this way is always dangerous, and she unmasked all her own movements. Her numerous boats, crowded with armed men, Nordenfeldts and six-pounders, in the half-light looked like so many huge beetles stealing towards us, for the water was perfectly calm, and the movement of their oars was plainly discernible. In threading their way through the maze of mines in front of our boom, they came under a most galling fire from our small boats on the defensive side of the boom, under Commanders Russell of the *Sultan* and Giffard of the *Shannon*, who kept their men well in hand.

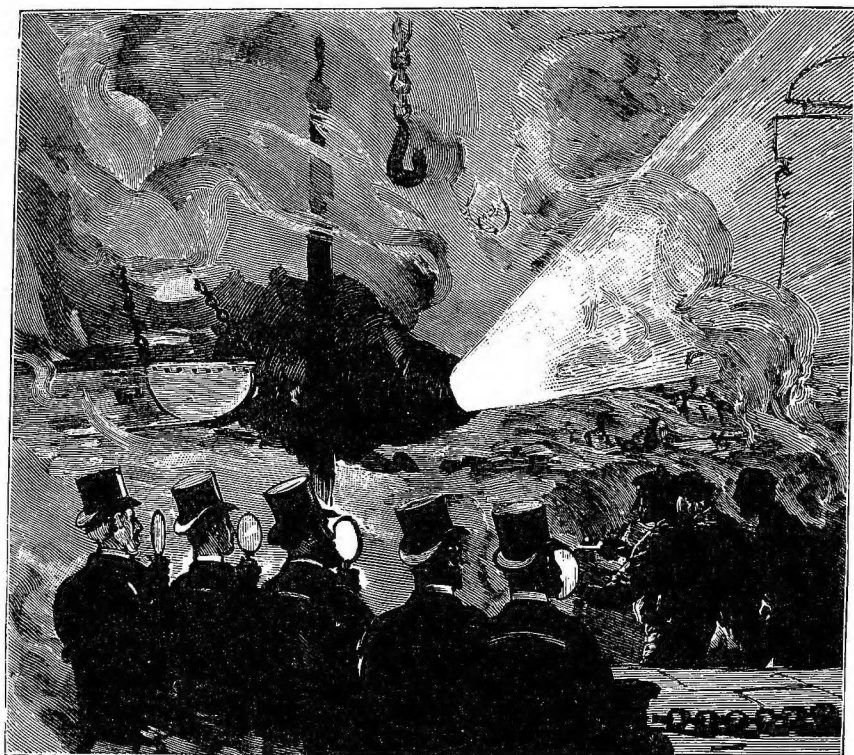
"The gun-boats *Trent*, from which I took my sketch, and *Medina*, poured rounds of grape into the advancing hosts, and the *Medway* gun-boat on the other flank harassed the enemy in the same effective manner. Not one legitimately came within one hundred yards of the booms, though several, with a pluck defying mines, grape, and Gatling fire, succeeded in lodging some gun-cotton charges on the boom. Into one launch we poured at least six rounds of grape-shot. She was under our Gatling and infantry fire for at least fifteen seconds, at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, yet she would not say die, but came on and reserved her fire, and blazed away at us at fifty yards. I doubt if the Russians could have done much better under the circumstances. But at last, if being shot out of all time did not affect the ardour of the foe, the fatigues of the day did, and by two o'clock in the morning the Battle of Bantry became a victory of the past.

"THE 'POLYPHEMUS'"

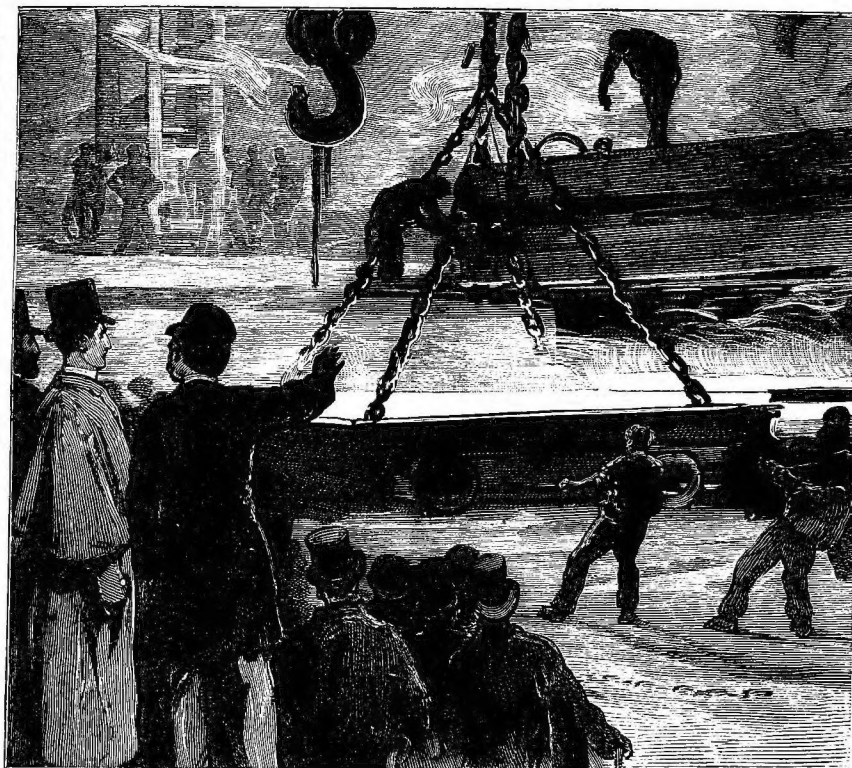
"PERHAPS the most interesting experiment of the Bantry evolutions was the successful attempt of H.M.S. *Polyphemus* to get through the defensive boom. It was, indeed, an extraordinary sight to see this vessel getting up the necessary speed, making hither and thither in the water like some huge sea monster, the waves breaking over her in white foam as she lashed through the waters. At last she made straight for the boom, her nose and funnel alone showing out of the enormous wave that her speed created. Then she passed through it without any palpable shock, severing the steel hawser and thick masts like a knife cutting through butter. Her difficulties were not over then, for several torpedo boats dashed at her, and shot their destructive missiles on all sides, but her gallant commander, Captain Jefferies, so skillfully steered her that not one of the deadly shafts



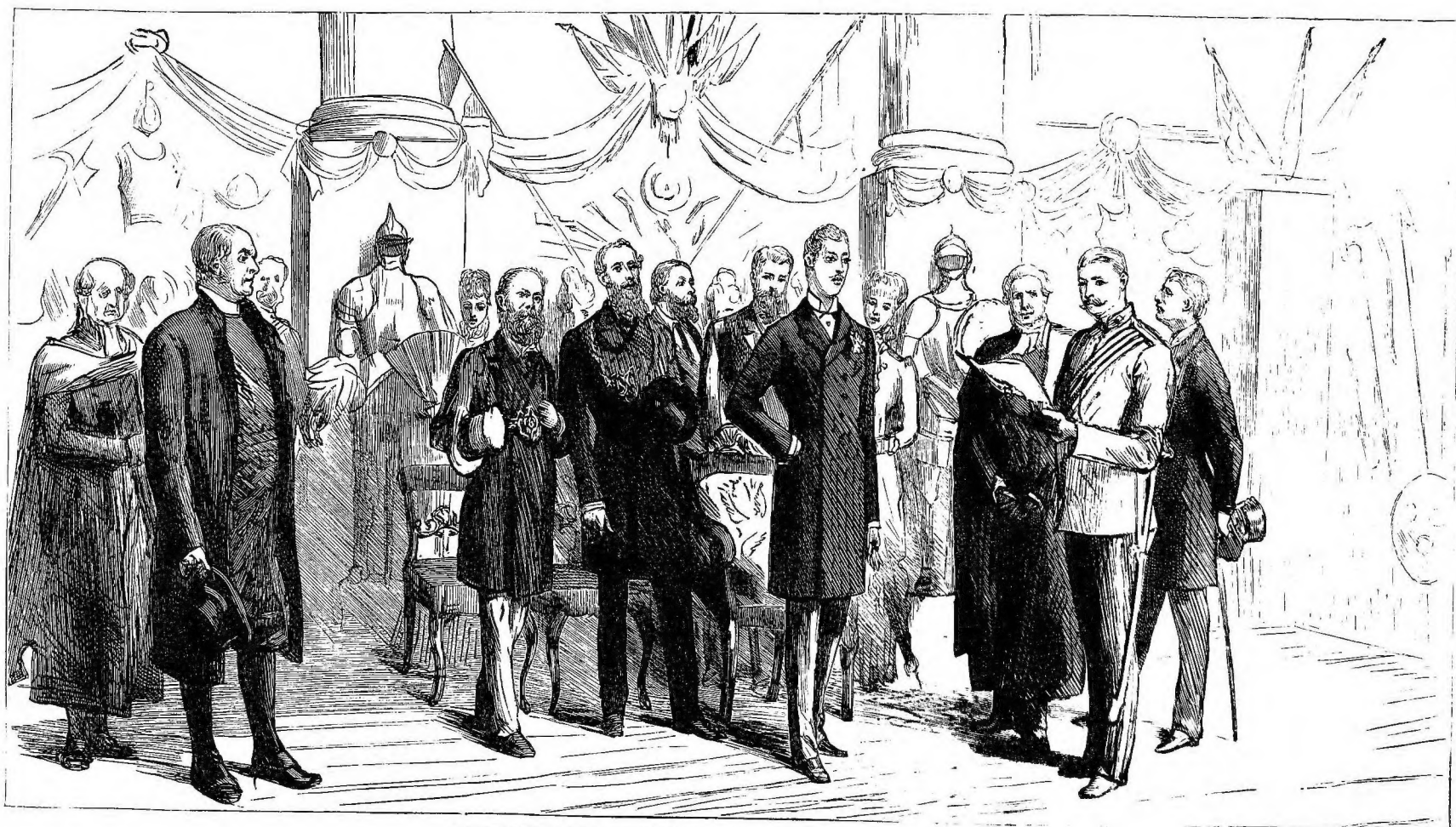
PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR PLANTING A TREE IN THE CLEETHORPES CLIFF GARDENS



AT THE BESSEMER STEEL WORKS

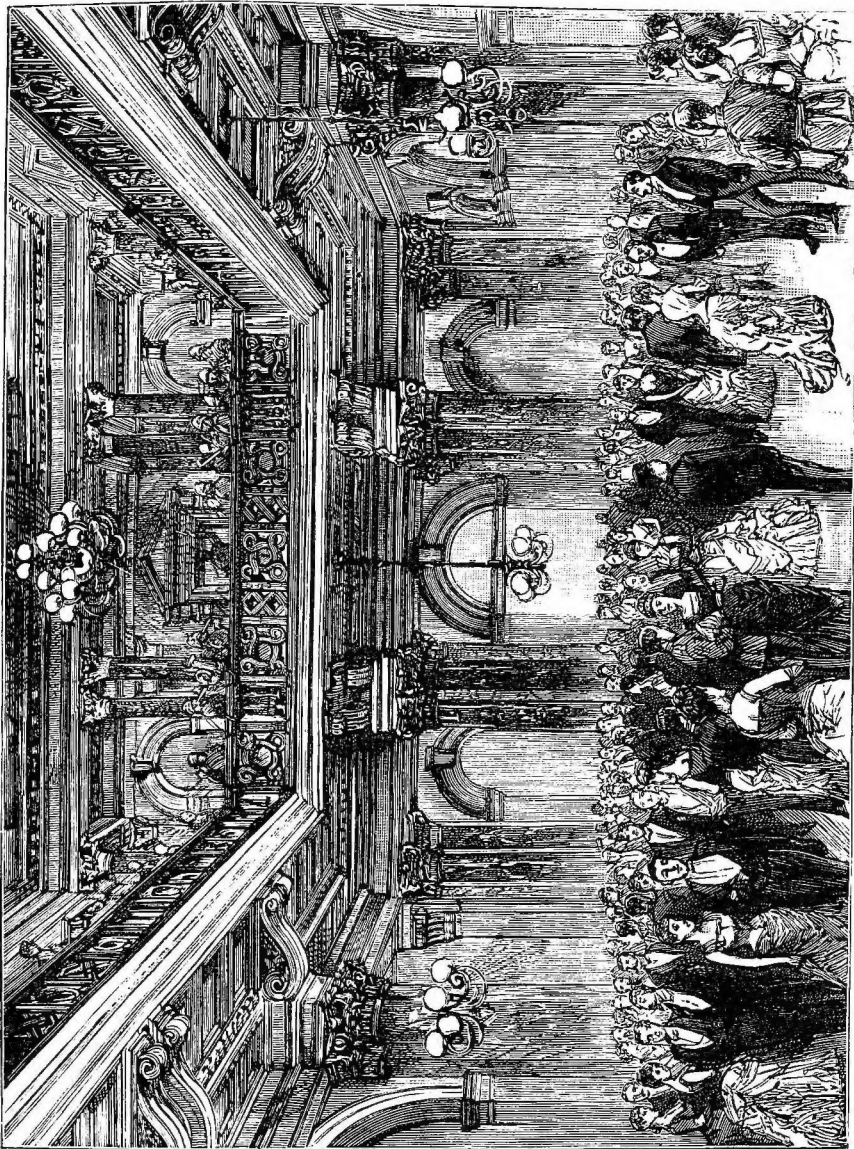


ROLLING AN ARMOUR-PLATE FOR THE "GALATEA"

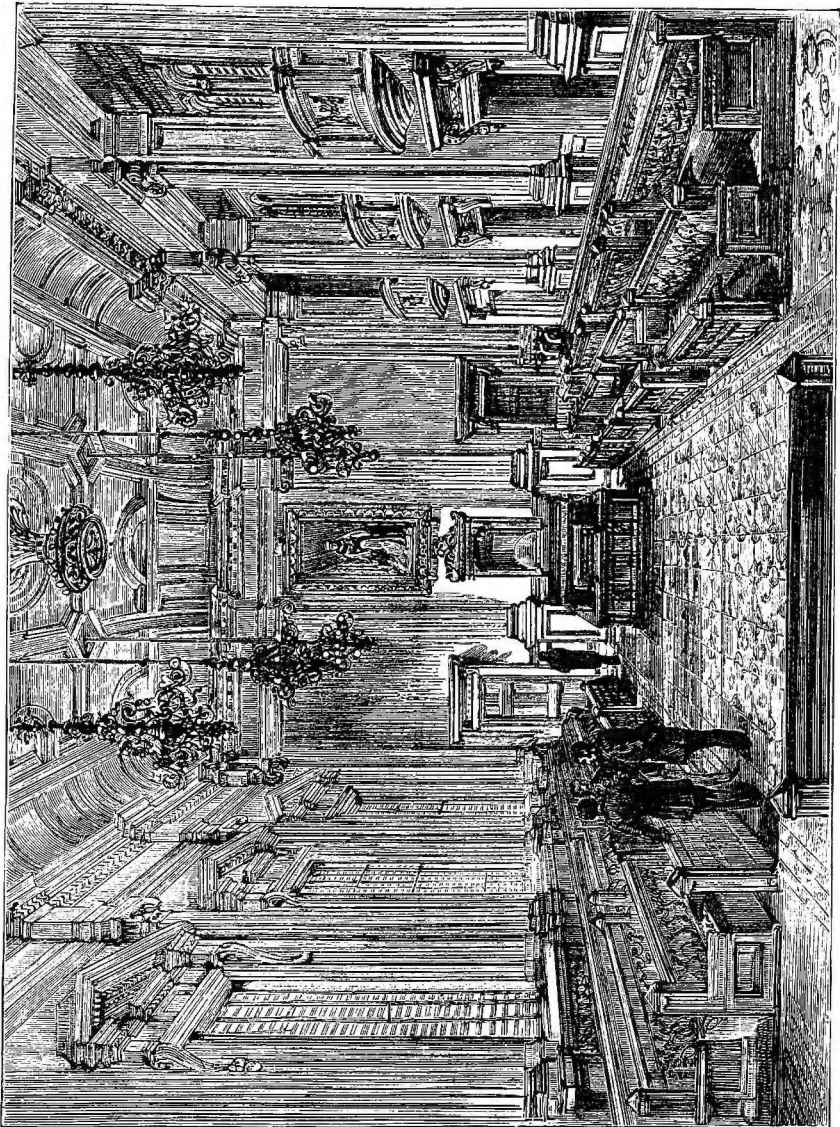


READING THE ADDRESS AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, SHEFFIELD

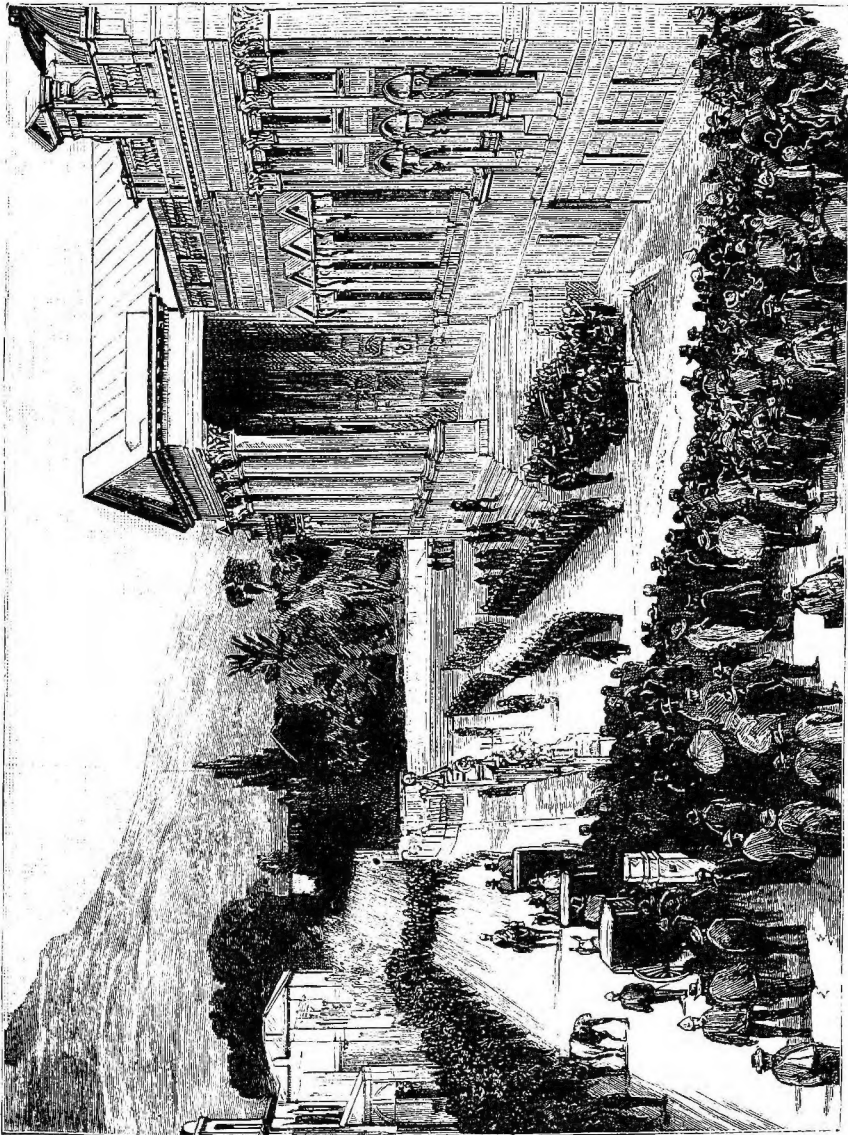
PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT SHEFFIELD AND CLEETHORPES



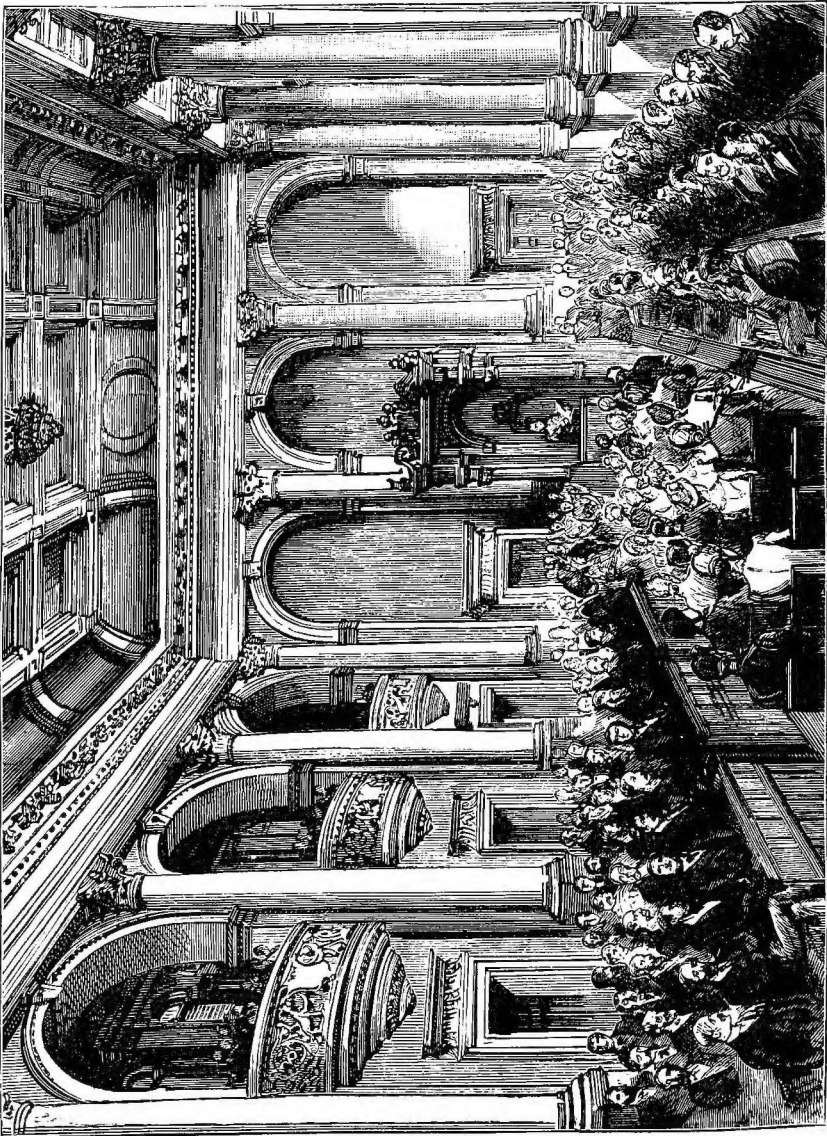
RECEPTION IN THE VESTIBULE



THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY



THE ARRIVAL OF SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY



READING THE ADDRESS IN THE THRONE ROOM

OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, CAPE TOWN

truck her. It may be useful for alarmists to know that the *Polyphemus* would have had very little chance of ever reaching the boom, as she was blown up at least three times by the contact mines before she attempted to cut through the defences."

F. VILLIERS.

NOTE.—The Torpedo Fleet with the Evolutionary Squadron is commanded by Commander Payne-Galloway, not Galloway, as erroneously stated last week.

ROYAL VISIT TO SHEFFIELD

EARLY in the year it was resolved by the Cutlers' Company of Sheffield to hold an exhibition of all the handicraft work carried on within their jurisdiction. The main object of the exhibition is to cultivate good work in the district, and to show to all persons interested in the metal trades that in spite of outside competition Sheffield still maintains her preeminence. An immense variety of articles all made in the district shows the wide range of Sheffield industry.

On Tuesday, June 30th, Prince Albert Victor of Wales went to Sheffield for the purpose of opening the exhibition. The town was gay with flags and bunting, and thousands of persons lined the streets. At the Corn Exchange the Prince was welcomed by the Corporation, the usual speeches were made, and he was presented with a casket of fine cutlery for toilet use, made by Messrs. George Cutler and Co. (appropriate name), of Trinity Works.

The Prince then drove to the Farm, the residence of the Duke of Norfolk; in the evening he dined with the Mayor; and afterwards he went to the Cyclops Works of Messrs. Charles Cammell and Co. (Limited), where he saw the rolling of an armour-plate for H.M.S. *Galatea*.

Next day Prince Albert Victor opened the Industrial Exhibition before referred to. Here he was presented with an address, and a knife and a pair of scissors by the workmen who had sent articles for competition. In the afternoon the Prince lunched with the Master Cutler, J. E. Bingham, Esq., visited the cutlery works of Messrs. Rodgers and Sons (Limited), and then went to stay at Brocklesby, Lord Yarborough's seat.

On Thursday, July 2nd, the Prince went over to Cleethorpes for the purpose of inaugurating the picturesque High-Cliff Gardens, which the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company has recently completed, with the assistance of Mr. James, who furnished the design and carried out the necessary works. The railway company had a twofold object in what they did; first, to protect their Cleethorpes property from the inroads of the sea, and, secondly, to provide means of healthful recreation and amusement to the inhabitants of Grimsby and Cleethorpes. Associated with the gardens are a promenade and pier, which help to enhance the attractions of this favourite watering place. The gardens are tastefully laid out, and cost a good deal, as a sea wall and embankment had to be made. The most striking object in the gardens is Ross Castle, an interesting mass of rockwork, from which an excellent view of the North Sea is obtainable. After visiting this spot the Prince proceeded to another part of the gardens, where he planted a tree as a memorial of his day at Cleethorpes. Then followed a luncheon in a pavilion, where the Prince proposed the health of Sir Edward Watkin, to whose energy these Cleethorpes improvements are largely due.

NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSES, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

THE Second Session of the Seventh Parliament of Cape Colony was opened with more than usual ceremony by H.E. the Governor, the Right Hon. Sir Hercules Robinson, at Cape Town, on Friday, the 15th May last.

The occasion was special, and will be of historic interest to the Colony, because associated with the opening of the New Houses of Parliament, recently completed. These, in their noble architectural proportions, rich internal adornment, and elegant but substantial furniture, are not surpassed by any buildings used for a like purpose in any other part of the Empire.

The building was originally designed by Mr. Freeman of Cape Town, whose design has, however, since been very greatly modified. The erection of the superstructure was executed, under contract, by Messrs. Joseph Bull, Sons, and Co. (Limited), of London and Southampton. The late Mr. John Whichcord, F.S.A., was the consulting architect in England, and the immediate supervision on the spot was entrusted to Mr. H. S. Greaves, of the Public Works Department in the Colony.

The furniture and fittings, which are of the best material and workmanship, were supplied by Messrs. Gillow and Co., of Oxford Street.

The total cost of the buildings and fittings amounts to about 250,000*l*. Three years have been occupied in the completion of the superstructure.

The Council consists of twenty-two elected members, with the Chief Justice of the Colony as ex-officio President.

The House of Assembly consists of seventy-four elected members, including Mr. Speaker.

The Chamber provided for this latter Assembly is almost as large as that in which the House of Commons now meets.

The new buildings are situate in the "Government Gardens," nearly opposite the South African Museum and Public Library, but on the other side of the main avenue.

The unsightly old buildings hitherto occupied by the Colonial Secretary's Department have been raised to the ground, and the new Legislative Palace stands on as fine a site as any that could be desired.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Dennis Edwards, and photographs by Mr. E. H. Allis, of Rosebank, Cape Town.

THE NEW COUNCIL CHAMBER AT THE GUILDHALL

THE New Council Chamber in connection with the Guildhall, which had been some two years building, was opened late in the autumn. It is from the designs of the well-known City architect, Mr. Horace Jones, and will add not a little to the professional reputation of that gentleman. Although strictly fifteenth-century Gothic, as to detail, yet it is very original as to plan and general arrangement. The Chamber itself is an octagon, surrounded by a lofty corridor, which is separated from the Council Chamber by glazed oak screens. Each face of the octagon has a lofty stone arch, supported upon columns of Hopton Wood stone, a charming material of a rich cream colour, which receives a high polish, and is just the material for London interiors.

Above the corridor is a gallery opening into the upper part of the arches, and above this again is a clerestory, lighted by "Perpendicular" windows of three lights; the roof is of wood, forming a domical vault, with ribs and bosses, all richly decorated in colour, and terminating in a lantern, pierced with open tracery. The spaces between the windows of the clerestory and the slender columns supporting the vaulting are adorned with paintings representing the various trades carried on in the City; and in the spandrels of the arches surrounding the octagon are the arms of the City companies.

Not only the windows, but the screens separating the corridor from the Chamber, are adorned with stained glass. All the benches, throne for the Lord Mayor, and screens are richly-carved in oak. It was at one time feared that, on account of the loftiness of the building, it would not be found to possess good acoustic properties; but experience has falsified this prediction, as it is really excellent for sound.

It is a good sign of the increased value which is being set upon Art and Art matters, that the Aldermen and Common Council of London should have erected for their Chamber such a highly ornate and elegant structure. The Council Chamber is rather plainly treated externally, because it is only visible from various small courtyards, surrounded by high buildings, though when, as will probably be the case at some future time, the space is more opened out, and the present rather mean structure which encumbers the site removed, the octagon clerestory, crowned by its roof and spire-capped lantern, will have a pleasing effect, and harmonise well with the series of buildings recently erected in connection with the Guildhall, such, for instance, as the Library, Museum, &c.

The former Council Chamber, which was a handsome room in the Italian style, though far too small for present wants, was illustrated in our "London Corporation Supplement."

GENERAL GORDON AND HIS "KINGS"

AT the meeting, on July 1st, of the Mansion House Committee of the Fund for Providing a National Memorial to General Gordon, a number of influential persons were present, among whom was the Prince of Wales, who moved a resolution (which was carried unanimously) that a Gordon Boys' Home should be established, and that a sub-Committee should be appointed to draw up a scheme to amalgamate the Camp idea with that of training for civil life. The sub-Committee subsequently resolved that the proposed Home should train boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen for military or civil life according to their capabilities and inclinations, that the training should comprise elementary education and instruction in trades and industrial pursuits, and that discipline on military principles should be maintained. It is intended to begin at once on a small scale by acquiring a piece of land and accommodating about fifty boys.

Our artist's picture is of course suggested by General Gordon's life at Gravesend, when, after the suppression of the Taeping Rebellion, he accepted the comparatively quiet post of Commanding Royal Engineer of the Gravesend District. Here he began a life which outwardly had the appearance of remarkable self-denial, but which to himself was one of singular happiness and peace. His house became a school, a hospital, and an almshouse in turn; it was more like the abode of a missionary than of a Colonel of Engineers. No suppliant ever knocked in vain at his door; the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate were alike welcome. But his chief delight consisted in the rescue of street Arabs, and other neglected children, scores of whom he placed in the way of earning an honest living. His care for these lads, whom he called his "Kings," was unceasing. He would take them to his house, cleanse them—often with his own hands—clothe them, and perhaps keep them for weeks until a suitable situation could be found for them. He often paid premiums for their apprenticeship on board merchant vessels or fishing smacks. At night he held classes, where he read to and taught the boys with the utmost ardour, but though he never neglected religious instruction and good advice, he was averse to "preaching at" them. He never turned these ragged urchins adrift till he had given them a substantial start in life. Let us hope that some of his shrewd sense, and self-denying energy, and simple-hearted piety may be infused into those persons who are appointed to administer the Gordon Memorial Fund, so that a result such as would have gratified Gordon himself may be attained.

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Charles Reinhart, is continued on page 49.

A LEVÉE AT ST. JAMES'S

See page 38.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

IT would seem that recent events near Suakin have once more called the attention of the Government to the subject of Ballooning as an aid to warfare, but this time the scene of operations has been shifted from Woolwich to Hythe, where Mr. F. A. Gower, of telephonic renown, has been conducting a series of experiments under Government auspices. Recently a pilot balloon was started from Hythe, having automatic attachments for giving out ballast and gas, and so preserving a certain level above the earth. This balloon dropped near Dieppe, having made the journey of seventy-two miles in a straight direction very rapidly. Still later a similar, but larger, balloon was sent away, while its contriver followed in another balloon to watch its behaviour. But the pilot soon outraced its companion, and observations were therefore impossible. We trust that these experiments will lead to some definite results.

At a recent meeting of the San Francisco Microscopical Society, one or two novelties were brought before the members, a slide exhibiting the electric spark from an induction coil being perhaps the most interesting. This was shown by Mr. C. W. Banks. The terminals from the coil were brought close together upon a vulcanised rubber plate placed upon the stage of the microscope, and, as the current leapt from one to the other, the most beautiful effects were produced, these effects being modified by the interposition of different substances. We may mention that a similar apparatus, made from a design suggested by Professor Stokes, was exhibited by Messrs. Watson at the last conversation of our Royal Society, where it attracted much attention. This attachment to an ordinary microscope is by no means expensive, and we may therefore predict that the new line of research is likely to find many workers.

A late report upon the Cambridge local lectures by Mr. Roberts contains an interesting story of the pursuit of scientific knowledge under difficulties. Two miners at Backworth, in Northumberland, in order to attend a course of lectures on chemistry at Cramlington—five miles off—walked after their day's work to that place and back, in order to attend every lecture. They made sufficient notes to enable them on each occasion to retail what they had heard to a class formed by them at Backworth; and actually repeated the experiments, so far as rough apparatus and their means would allow. The lecturer visited this little class (there were only seven in all), and found upon examining them that they had acquired a sound knowledge of the first steps in chemistry. This germ has now blossomed into "The Backworth Students' Association," consisting entirely of miners. It is not often that such a splendid instance of self-help is offered for our admiration—and we may add imitation.

Near the music-room at the Inventions Exhibition there is shown a contrivance which does not seem to have met with the attention which it undoubtedly deserves. It is known as "Fohr's Music Electrophraph," and its object is to write down on a stave music as it is played on a piano, harmonium, or organ. The machine can in a few minutes be attached to the keyboard of an instrument without any interference with the touch, or with the fingers of the performer. It consists principally of two parts—one being the key attachment, which is a simple frame carrying a number of contact pieces—one for each particular note; and secondly, a printing apparatus, which may be removed far from the instrument, so long as a bundle of wires from the contact pieces are in electrical communication with it. A broad ribbon of chemically-prepared paper moves through the printing machine, as in many forms of telegraphic apparatus, and on this paper is printed the ten lines of the double stave, with extra dotted ones above and below for ledger lines. A line of metallic styles touches the paper as it travels along—each style

being connected electrically with a note on the piano hard by. When a key is depressed a current of electricity traverses the corresponding style, and, causing decomposition of the chemical surface below, it leaves a blue mark on the paper, which will be long or short, according to the time for which the note is held down. The conclusion of the whole matter is that a semibreve is marked by a long dash—a minim by one-half the length, a crotchet by a quarter length; while quavers and semiquavers take the form of mere dots. The bar divisions are marked in the same way by a touch of a special pedal. The apparatus is very complete and cleverly worked out, and will be useful to those who have the gift of extemporising without the technical knowledge required to dot down their creations on paper. The accomplished musician would of course have no need for such a help to his work, for musical composition is generally carried out without reference to an instrument. An invention which will appeal to a far larger musical constituency is Padbury's indispensable music leaf-turner. This is a very perfect little contrivance, which is readily attached to a piece of music, and as quickly done as the usual preliminary of turning up the corners of the leaves. It is fixed upon the ledge which holds the copy in place, and a mere touch of the finger turns over each leaf in turn with unerring certainty.

The House of Commons Committee on Irish Industries have had much evidence brought before them of a useful kind, and in some cases of great scientific interest. Professor Galloway, for instance, gave much valuable information relative to the manufacture of kelp from seaweed—an industry which flourished in Ireland until the discovery of Chili saltpetre, and deposits of potash in Germany and Austria, which were found to contain products formerly derived from kelp. Professor Galloway believes that the kelp industry might be profitably revived on certain conditions. He described the old process for extracting iodine and bromine from the raw material as being most wasteful, and pointed out a far better process. He also suggested that to make the industry pay, the valuable iodides and bromides—so much used in medicine and photography—should be manufactured on the spot, instead of forming a separate manufacture. He pointed out too that another great saving might be effected by simply charring the seaweed, in order to produce kelp, instead of burning it.

The recent lamentable colliery accident has produced the usual crop of letters to the *Times* containing many suggestions, some valuable, and some the reverse. But there seems to be a general opinion that shot firing should be at once and for ever stopped. Mr. J. D. Shakespear speaks with knowledge and experience. He says that he has known a mine free from gas before a shot has been fired, but has found gas immediately afterwards. He also points out that a second shot will probably ignite the gas set free by the first. The effect may in many cases be quite local, and will do no harm, but there is every reason to believe that the gunpowder loosens the strata beyond its useful effect, and tends to set free volumes of gas which in the ordinary course of things would ooze slowly from the face of the workings. Other correspondents demand the withdrawal of the so-called safety lamp, and the adoption of the electric glow lamp. When we consider that these accidents have cost the country during the past thirty years 40,000 lives, and more than a million men injured, to say nothing of the expense of providing for widows and orphans, it must be conceded by all that something must be done to stop this fearful loss.

T. C. H.



THE first duty of the House of Commons on re-assembling last Monday after a brief recess, was to witness the swearing-in of Members. The number of candidates was exceptionally large. A full score, chiefly members of the Government who had undergone the tedious and absurd formality of re-election, stood in a group behind the Bar, waiting to be called up by the Speaker. There was one Member of the House on the outskirts of the throng who was not a Minister, and was not likely to be called up by the Speaker, but who plainly intended to take his turn. This was Mr. Bradlaugh, who had selected this occasion of reminding the world of his continued existence, and of his insatiable desire to take the Oath. The House was crowded in every part, Parnellites and Radicals fighting for places below the gangway. Under the old condition of affairs there was just enough room for the Parnellites on the Opposition benches, and probably, when these are again occupied by the Conservatives, the inconvenience of the presence of the Parnellites will not be felt. But with the majority sitting in opposition, it is no joke to have a solid wedge of thirty or forty Members, not all eminently desirable as personal companions, thrust into the midst of the gathering. Many Liberals, driven out of their places, flocked into the side gallery, adding to the animated appearance of the scene.

One by one the Ministers were sworn in, the crowd at the bar gradually dwindling down, till Mr. Bradlaugh was left standing, with Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Burt for sole companions. Mr. Bradlaugh, whom long experience has made master of the situation, carefully watched Mr. Green, the new Member for Wakefield, who was laboriously signing his name on the Roll of Parliament. As soon as he had finished this artistic work and had been introduced to the Speaker, the Member for Northampton marched boldly down the floor of the House, flanked right and left by his two friends. In earlier times these incursions were, like those of the Picts and Scots, additionally embarrassing by reason of their unexpectedness. Now Mr. Bradlaugh is careful to give formal notice of his intended arrival, and full opportunity is thus provided for drawing up a programme for his reception. Members were at first surprised that on Monday the Speaker took no notice of Mr. Bradlaugh's approach, and did not rise even when he was standing at the table with squared shoulders, evidently prepared for any strategic movement on the part of the Serjeant-at-Arms. This silence was explained by the rising of Sir M. Hicks-Beach, to whom, as Leader of the House, had fallen this first duty of resisting the inroads of the Member for Northampton.

Sir Michael, in a speech that might well have been shorter, moved the resolution familiar in the hands of Sir S. Northcote, which declared that Mr. Bradlaugh was not capable of taking the Oath, and ordering that, unless he gave a pledge not to disturb the proceedings of Parliament, he should be prohibited from approaching its precincts. A new turn was given to the order of the programme by an amendment moved by Mr. Hopwood, which, without directly traversing the Ministerial motion, suggested that the difficulty were better dealt with by legislation on the general question of oaths. Mr. Gladstone declared that, had the motion stood alone, he would have felt obliged to support it, as being designed to vindicate order in the House. But in view of Mr. Hopwood's amendment he must vote for that as indicating the better course. Issue was hereupon joined, and the House listened with impatience to the prolongation of a debate which did not recommend itself on any grounds.

On a division Mr. Hopwood's amendment was rejected by 263 votes against 219, a majority to which the Parnellites largely contributed. There remained the proposal to pass the main resolution. Some foolish threats of taking another division were made from below the gangway, and protested against by Mr. Gladstone, who

eventually walked out, followed by nearly the whole of the Liberal party. In view of this demonstration Mr. Willis, who had uttered the threat, relented at the last moment. Just as the House was about to proceed with other business the irrepressible Mr. Bradlaugh was discovered marching up the House, with head erect, lips firmly set, and a plain determination to do something desperate. Members who had begun to leave the House under the impression that there was nothing in immediate prospect except ordinary commonplace business came trooping back. "The hon. member will now withdraw," said the Speaker, looking at Mr. Bradlaugh, who stood in dramatic attitude by the Mace. "I came here," said the still unsworn member, "in obedience to the mandate of my constituents. But I bow to your order, and shall appeal to the constituencies against the injustice done." With this Mr. Bradlaugh bowed himself out, and business began.

Committee of Supply had been put down as the first Order, and the progress made exceeded the wildest expectations of the Ministers. The fact that the Parnellites put the present Government in power is no guarantee that they will not harass them just as they were accustomed to harass their predecessors. But, for the present at least, they are inclined to clemency, and Mr. Biggar sat silent, whilst not less than thirty-four votes were agreed to. Mr. Parnell, with characteristic caution, insisted upon the postponement of two of the Irish votes. These will be kept in hand, and, unless the Government prove docile, may be used as pegs whereon to hang a night or two's obstruction. In the mean time the good fortune which awaited the Government on Monday night was not clouded on Tuesday nor reversed on Wednesday, when Supply was also the first Order of the day.

In the House of Lords, undisturbed by the Bradlaugh incursion, Lord Salisbury was on Monday able to make a statement with respect to the course of business. On Tuesday this was repeated in the Commons by Sir M. H. Beach in fuller detail, and with some additions. First and foremost the Government have decided not to renew the Coercion Act. Amongst legislation proposed by their predecessors they drop the Crofters' Bill and the Welsh Education Bill. But they proceed with several minor Bills, including one dealing with the Purchase Clauses of the Land Act, some portions of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, and will find facilities for discussing the Medical Relief Disqualification Bill, which Mr. Jesse Collings has pressed upon the attention of the House. Sir Michael Beach concluded his statement by moving a resolution practically assigning to the Government the remaining hours of the Session. This was opposed by Sir W. Lawson in a mad resolution, declaring that the House could not trust Ministers with its time. Mr. Gladstone made a speech which delighted the Conservatives, and drew from Lord Randolph Churchill almost extravagant laudation. Mr. Gladstone's conduct was, the noble lord said, not only considerate, but magnanimous. In effect Mr. Gladstone said that, as long as the Government behaved themselves properly, and marched on the lines of the policy of their predecessors, he would undertake to keep the peace for them. But he uttered a significant warning that should the Government embark upon any new departure, whether in foreign or domestic legislation, the forces of the majority would be marshalled against them. There was nothing new or unexpected in the settlement thus reached, which satisfied everybody but Sir Wilfrid Lawson, whose suspicion that things were crooked was confirmed by this cordial intercommunication between the two Front Benches. Sir Wilfrid, pressing his motion to a division, found only two supporters. The incidents of the sitting make it certain that save for unforeseen accident the Session will now quietly proceed to an end that cannot be far distant.



AT THE BANQUET OF SCOTCH CONSERVATIVES IN LONDON on Friday last week (also referred to in our "Church" and "Legal" columns) Lord Salisbury spoke for the first time, except in the House of Peers, since his accession to the Premiership. He contested the claim of the Liberals to the exclusive championship of the principle of local self-government, which, as opposed to centralisation, both legislative and administrative, in London, was, he said, one eminently Conservative. In a very cheerful peroration, he pointed to the Conservative victories at Wakefield and Eye—that at Woodstock was not then known—as making him doubt the fulfilment of the Liberal prophecies that at the General Election the Conservatives are to be swept away from Dan to Beersheba, or from Devon to Cheshire.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has followed up his electoral victory at Woodstock last week by a grateful address to his constituents. Among the circumstances which make his return by so considerable a majority significant, he points to the large proportion in the constituency of agricultural labourers "upon whose support," he says, "in the coming elections the Radical party so confidently, perhaps so rashly, count."

SPEAKING IN WHITECHAPEL, on Wednesday, Mr. John Morley contrasted the policy of the Government abroad and at home, especially in regard to scuttling from the Sudan and to coercive legislation for Ireland, with their protestations when in opposition. Although as a Radical he rejoiced in the change which had come over them, he pronounced their present attitude to be unexampled in the annals of political profligacy.

THE ORGANISATION OF THE MINISTRY has been completed by the appointments chronicled in our "Legal" column and by the very noticeable one of Sir Henry Maine, the distinguished philosophical jurist, to the Permanent Under-Secretaryship of the Home Department. In the Royal Household Lord Carrington is succeeded by the Earl of Coventry as Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen of Arms, and Lord Sudeley by Lord Boston as one of Her Majesty's Lords-in-Waiting in Ordinary. Admiral Hood, Sir Anthony Hoskins, and Captain Codrington have been appointed respectively first, second, and third Sea Lords of the Admiralty.

LORD CARNARVON made his public entry into Dublin on Tuesday, when, though the Lord Mayor and Corporation were conspicuous by their official absence, he received a most cordial reception from the citizens of all ranks and classes who thronged the streets. The military pageant on the occasion was exceptionally brilliant.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR PETER LUMSDEN has been made a G.C.B.

MR. LONGLEY, who in 1874 was appointed third, and in 1877 second, Charity Commissioner, has now been promoted to the Chief Charity Commissionership, vacant by the death of Sir Seymour Fitzgerald. He is the eldest son of the late Archbishop of London. A barrister of Lincoln's Inn, he began his administrative career as a Poor Law Inspector in 1868, and was in charge of the Metropolitan Poor Law District from 1872 to 1874.

THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL, Lord John Manners, paid his predecessor, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the compliment of inviting his presence at St. Martin's-le-Grand on Tuesday to assist Lady John Manners in the pleasant task of affixing the seals to the last of the parcels which form the first instalment of those, under the new

regulations, sent by Parcels Post to Gibraltar, Egypt, and British India. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, after thanking Lord John Manners for his courtesy, gave some interesting details respecting the history of the Parcels Post, which had been instituted, he said, by his predecessor as a supplement to, not as a substitute for, the operations of private agencies.

AN IMPORTANT STEP has been taken towards promoting the unity, cohesion, and permanence of the volunteer force. At an influentially attended meeting in the Mansion House on Monday, presided over by the Lord Mayor, it was agreed to form a benefit and benevolent society in connection with the Volunteers. The benefits of the fund are to be participated in only by the widows and orphans of Volunteers who have served seven years, and this provision, it is hoped, will lessen the number of men who annually quit the force. The scheme was explained by Lord E. Pelham Clinton, and resolutions approving of it were supported by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Napier of Magdala, Cardinal Manning, and Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi, among other speakers.

MR. A. H. GILKES, formerly Junior Student of Christ Church, has been appointed Head Master of Dulwich College.

A CONFERENCE was held at the Mansion House this week in support of the objects of the National Association for Promoting State-directed Emigration. The indefatigable Lord Brabazon, who is one of its chief promoters, presided; and explained that what was asked from the Government was simply loans to emigrants who were to become small landowners in the colonies, and who had as good a claim to Government aid in this way as the landowners at home who borrowed money from it for the improvement of their estates. One of the most striking statements made during the proceedings was by Cardinal Manning, who, in moving the first resolution, said Mrs. Chisholm had told him that she had been the means of raising more than 100,000*l.* to enable families to emigrate, and that almost without exception the loans had been punctually repaid. Among the spokesmen of the wage-earning class who were present, and supported the resolution in favour of the Society's scheme, were the President of the Sheffield Trades' Union and representatives of the Liverpool Trades' Council and of the Amalgamated Association of Operative Cotton Spinners.

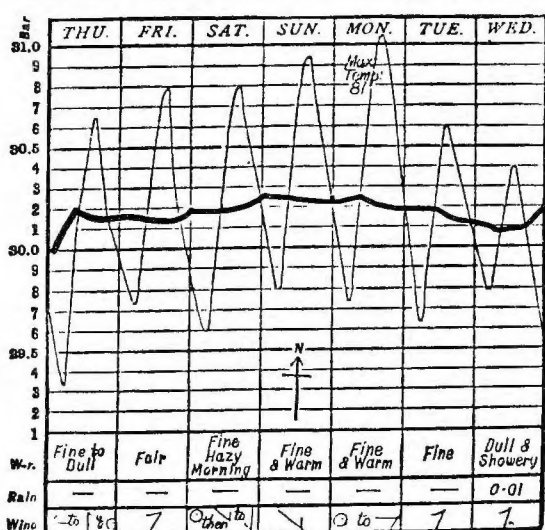
LORD HOUGHTON presided on Wednesday at the annual meeting of the Wordsworth Society, and delivered an appreciative, while discriminating address, on the poet of the "Excursion." He ascribes what seemed ludicrous in some of Wordsworth's earlier poems, to his total want of the sense of humour, and concluded by saying that if he was asked what was the greatest poem in the English language, he should not have a moment's hesitation in replying, Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality."

BETWEEN ONE AND TWO ON WEDNESDAY MORNING a destructive fire broke out on the premises of Messrs. B. Young and Co., glue and size makers, Amelia Road, Spa Road. It was not subdued until four o'clock, when the contents of the large building were burned out and great damage done to several in its immediate vicinity.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Bishop of Salisbury, referred to in our "Church" column; in his eighty-first year, of Sir J. M. Higginson, K.C.B., from 1845 to 1846 Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Isles, and from 1849 to 1857 Commander-in-Chief of the Mauritius; in his seventy-sixth year, of Mr. Jonathan Pim, a prominent member of the Society of Friends, returned in 1865, and again in 1868, as a Liberal representative of Dublin city; in his seventy-third year, of Mr. David Evans, a well-known Welsh bard, author of several prize poems written for Eistedfodds; in his fifty-third year, of Mr. J. Macfarlane, head of the reporting staff of the *Scotsman*, and in 1881 its Special Commissioner to report on the suitability of the North-Western Provinces of the Dominion of Canada for settlement by agricultural emigrants; of Mrs. Henry Lynch, chiefly known as the authoress of works of fiction the scene of which is laid in the West Indies; and of Rear-Admiral J. C. Wilson, appointed Admiral Superintendent of Davenport Dockyard in February last, when he was second in command of the Channel Fleet, after having been Commodore on the Australian Station, in which position he did good service in the suppression of the Polynesian slave trade. He was Captain of the *Thunderer*, and present in her engine-room when her boiler burst at the trial on the Maplin Sands, and was nearly killed by the explosion. Her Majesty in consequence granted to him and his wife apartments at Hampton Court for their lives.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

During the greater part of the past week the weather has been cloudy at the Irish and Scotch Stations, with a little passing rain at times, while elsewhere fine, warm, and pleasant conditions prevailed; but at the close of the period less settled weather was experienced generally. Pressure during the early part of the period was high (30.5 inches) over the North-Western portion of Spain (Sunday), over Western Europe generally, with slight to moderate gradients, first Southerly, afterwards for North-Westerly breezes. In the course of Monday indications of an impending change in the weather became apparent in the West, and by Tuesday morning a well-marked depression was found off our North-West coasts. The barometer consequently fell generally—quickly in Scotland—West coasts, and the wind freshened very considerably from the southward at many of our western stations, with rain in most places; and these conditions quickly spread over the whole country. Temperature has not differed much from the normal, in the highest maxima over England (84°) occurred on Monday (6th inst.) in London: over Ireland (74°) on Sunday (5th inst.) at Donaghadee; and in Scotland (79°) on Friday (3rd inst.) at Nairn.

The barometer was highest (30.26 inches) on Saturday and Monday (4th and 6th inst.); lowest (30.00 inches) on Thursday (2nd inst.); range 0.26 inches. Temperature was highest (81°) on Monday (6th inst.); lowest (47°) on Thursday (2nd inst.); range 34°.

Rain fell on one day only, Wednesday (7th inst.), to the amount of 0.01 inch.



THE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY NEXT YEAR are to be protected by a railing round the galleries, so as to avoid all possibility of injury by visitors.

OLD GUILDFORD CASTLE KEEP and the surrounding grounds have been bought for a public garden by the town of Guildford. The Norman Keep dates from about 1150.

CYCLISTS anxious for a novelty in "wheels" will like to hear of a curious "unicycle" being made on the other side of the Atlantic. The machine is twelve feet in diameter, and is expected to work at the rate of nearly a mile a minute.

THE SCHOOL OF ART WOOD CARVING moves its quarters on Monday from the Albert Hall to the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute in the Exhibition Road. The Council of the Institute lend rooms for the School in their new Institute rent free.

AN ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION will be held at Boston, in the United States, next October. Although chiefly composed of works by living artists, the collection will include a few examples of those prominent water-colour painters lately deceased. Black and white drawings will also be shown.

SUNDAY OPENING has been considerably appreciated at the Alexandra Palace, where 53,000 visitors have been admitted during the last three Sundays. Perfect order prevailed, and no refreshments were sold but tea, coffee, and aerated waters. At the Crystal Palace also season-ticket holders are now allowed in the grounds between 1.30 P.M. and sunset.

SWIMMING MANŒUVRES are now practised by some of the French regiments in order to accustom the troops to ford a river in the face of the enemy. Thus, at Limoges, the dragoons in garrison cross the Vienne on horseback, fully armed, and carrying the ammunition on their heads to keep it dry. On landing they immediately draw their sabres and charge an imaginary foe.

A COMICAL "MENAGERIE RACE" was run last week at the Aldershot Army Athletic meeting. Each competitor drove a bird, or some animal, and a goat was the winner, a goose coming second, and a cockatoo third. Another amusing contest was a donkey race ridden by officers costumed as popular celebrities, the representative of Mr. Gladstone taking the prize. Lord Salisbury and the jockey Archer were among the characters represented.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS has been specially disastrous this season. Two young Viennese who insisted on climbing the Reichenstein in the Enns Valley without a guide fell 6,000 feet over a precipice into a wild gorge, and were dashed to pieces. An Austrian doctor lost his life last year exactly at the same spot. Now the remains of some unknown tourist have been found in the Styrian Alps, while several persons who lately started on mountaineering excursions are still missing.

A MAHDI is now claimed by South Africa as well as by the northern portion of the Continent. A Kaffir Prophet has appeared in Cape Colony, who sees wondrous visions of departed heroes, and visits the kraals to narrate the revelations he receives from the spirits. So far his doctrines are eminently practical. His chief prophecy warns the Kaffirs that unless they abstain from brandy-drinking and adopt Christian customs they will gradually die out, and one chief was so impressed by the Prophet that he immediately knocked in the head of his brandy cask and wasted the contents.

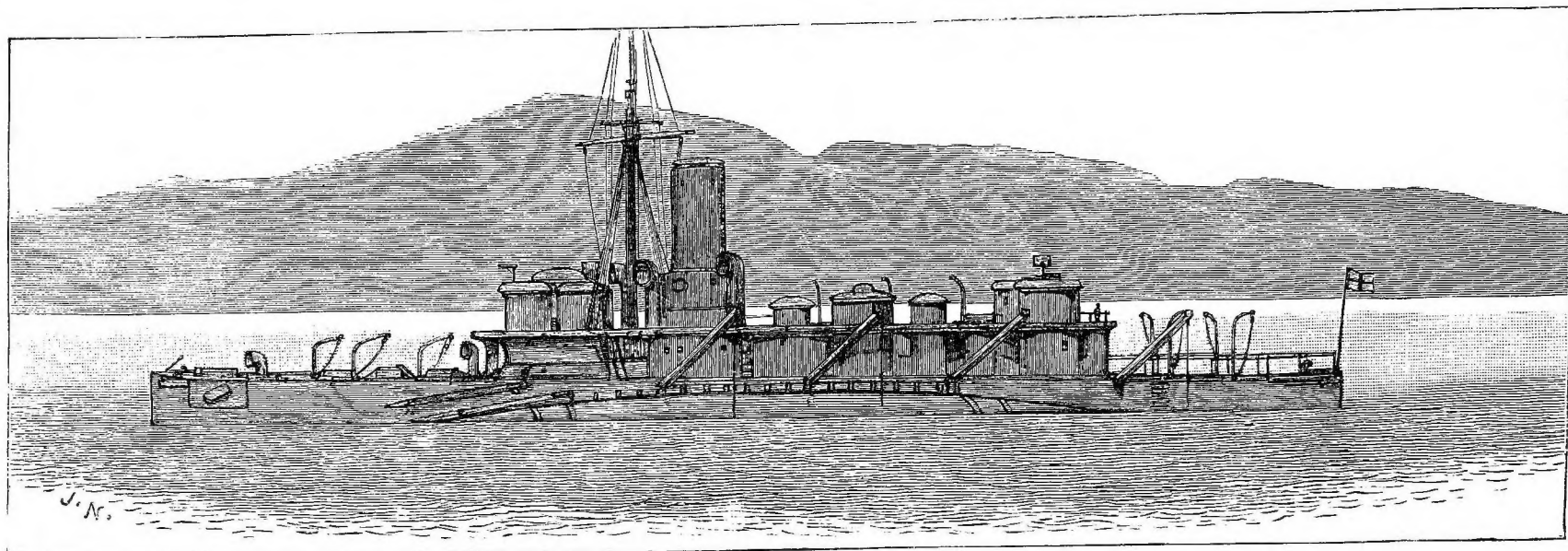
OF THE TWENTY WAR CORRESPONDENTS who supplied the public with news during the recent Sudan campaigns no less than six lost their lives, viz., Messrs. O'Donovan, Vizetelly, Power, Cameron, Herbert, and Roberts. It is thought that some permanent memorial should be erected in London to the memory of these men, and an executive Committee of journalists has been formed to receive subscriptions. It is intended to limit the subscription to those connected with the Press, and contributions may be sent to Mr. James Walker, Press Club, Chancery Lane, or to Mr. E. J. Wade, Savage Club, Savoy, W.C.

THE PARIS SALON, which closed last week, was remarkably successful, notwithstanding the mass of Art Exhibitions held in the French capital this spring and summer. The receipts were nearly 3,000*l.* above those of last year, so that the public interest in art keeps pace with the considerable increase in the number of artists. Ten years ago 3,673 painters contributed to the Salon. This season there were 5,034 exhibitors, while the crowded art schools and the numerous private studios show plainly how many more young people adopt an artistic career than of yore. The proposed triennial Salon, by-the-by, is given up, as the display would have closed the Palais de l'Industrie to the Society of Artists, who now manage the annual Exhibitions.

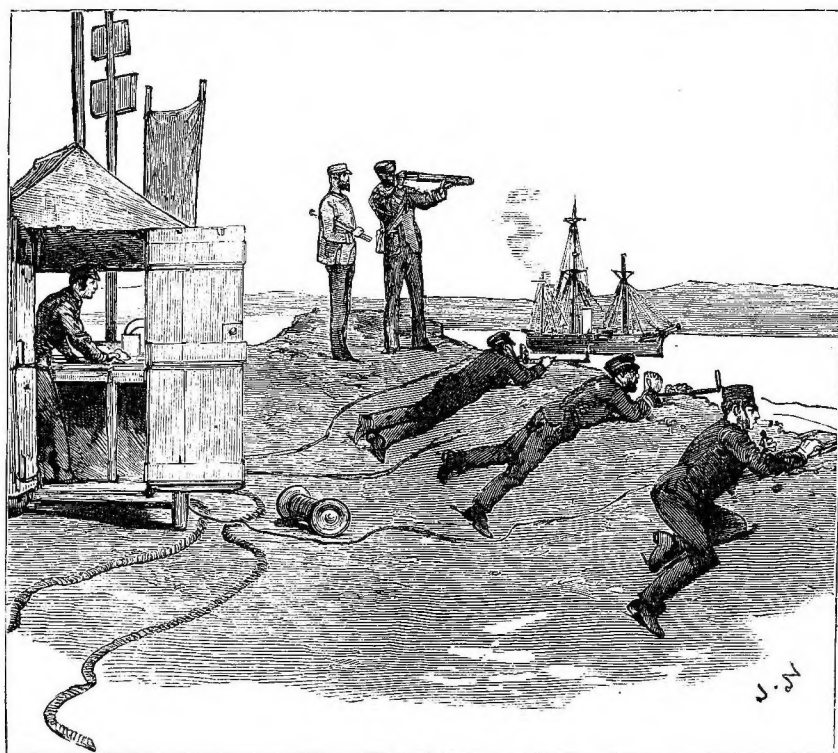
UNLIMITED LUGGAGE is no longer to be permitted on English railways—a regulation which will decidedly perplex large families preparing a voluminous wardrobe for their coming holidays. First-class passengers will be allowed 120 lbs. free, second-class 100 lbs., and third-class 60 lbs., but beyond these weights the metropolitan railways will charge 1/4*d.* per lb. for distances under fifty miles, 1/2*d.* per lb. under 150 miles, 3/4*d.* up to 300 miles, and 1*d.* beyond that distance. If, when adopting the Continental fashion of charging for luggage, English lines would also introduce the foreign system of luggage checks, travellers might save much time and temper lost in hunting for trunks under the present careless arrangements.

FASHIONABLE LADIES with long dressmakers' bills may well quake lest London milliners should take a hint from their Parisian sisters—or, rather, brethren. Weary of waiting vainly for payment, the chief Paris dressmakers, headed by a well-known man-milliner, have drawn up a Black List of those customers who either don't or won't discharge their debts. This list was originally intended merely for circulation among the firms themselves, but by some indiscretion it has been published in a Paris newspaper, much to the horror of the unlucky fair ones thus pilloried. The customers are classed under three heads—A, the "cheats" and insolvent people both in France and abroad; B, those who want to appear better off than they are, and give orders beyond their means; and C, those who can afford to pay, but wait until legally compelled to do so.

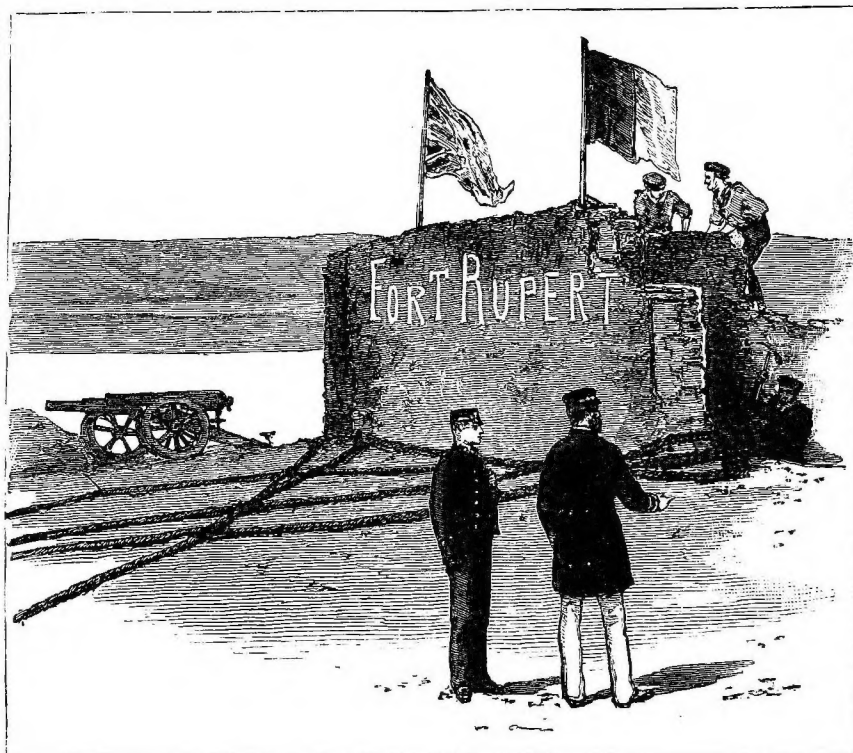
LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, when the deaths numbered 1,366 against 1,279 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 87, although 118 below the average, while the death-rate increased again to 17.5 per 1,000. There were 26 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 13), 80 from measles (a decline of 10), 59 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7), 51 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 7), 18 from diphtheria (an increase of 4), 9 from scarlet fever, 9 from enteric fever (a fall of 2), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 1 from cholera (a decrease of 1), and 1 from typhus. The fatal cases resulting from diseases of the respiratory organs rose from 183 to 192, and were 26 above the average. Forty-two deaths occurred from violence, of which 37 were caused by negligence or accident. There were 2,483 births registered—an increase of 64, but 158 below the average. The mean temperature was 60 deg., and 1.1 deg. below the average, while there were 41.1 hours of bright sunshine.



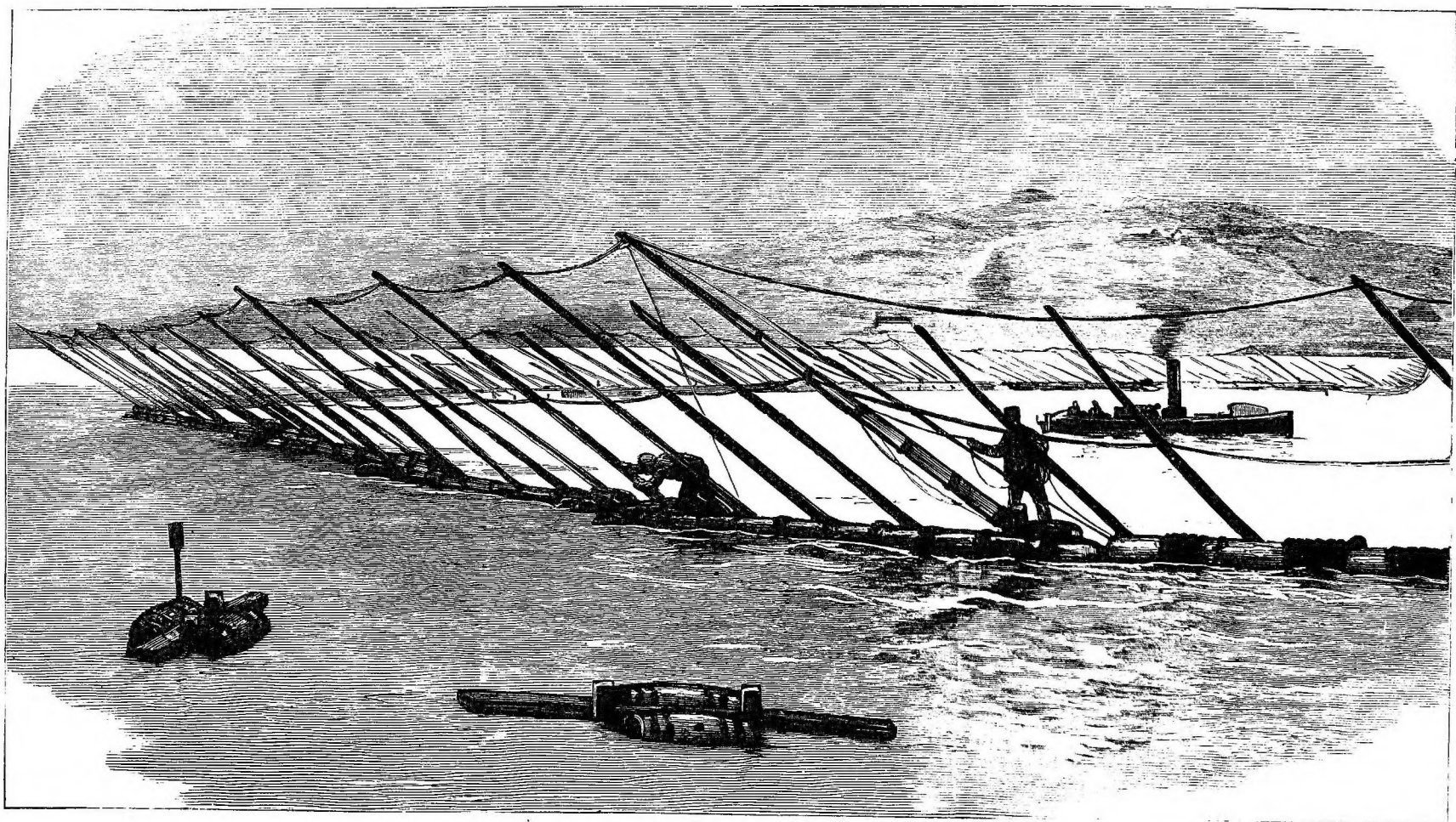
THE "POLYPHEMUS" IN HER WAR-PAINT, SHOWING HER RELATIVE TONE WITH THE SEA AND LAND



FIRING MINES FROM THE LAND—B SIGNAL BOX



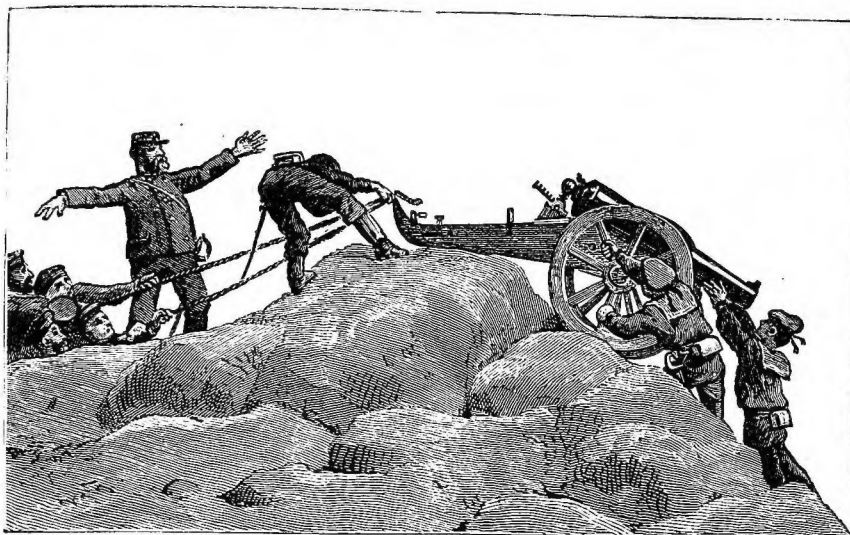
"FORT RUPERT," ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE EASTERN BOOM



A SECTION OF THE BOOM READY FOR THE ATTACK

THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON IN BANTRY BAY

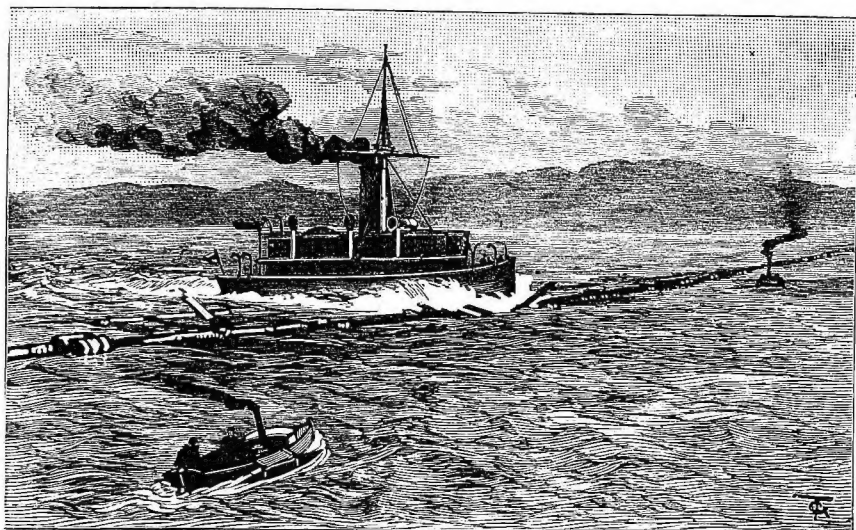
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



"O'ER BOG AND ROCK"—GETTING GUNS INTO POSITION WITH THE DEFENCE



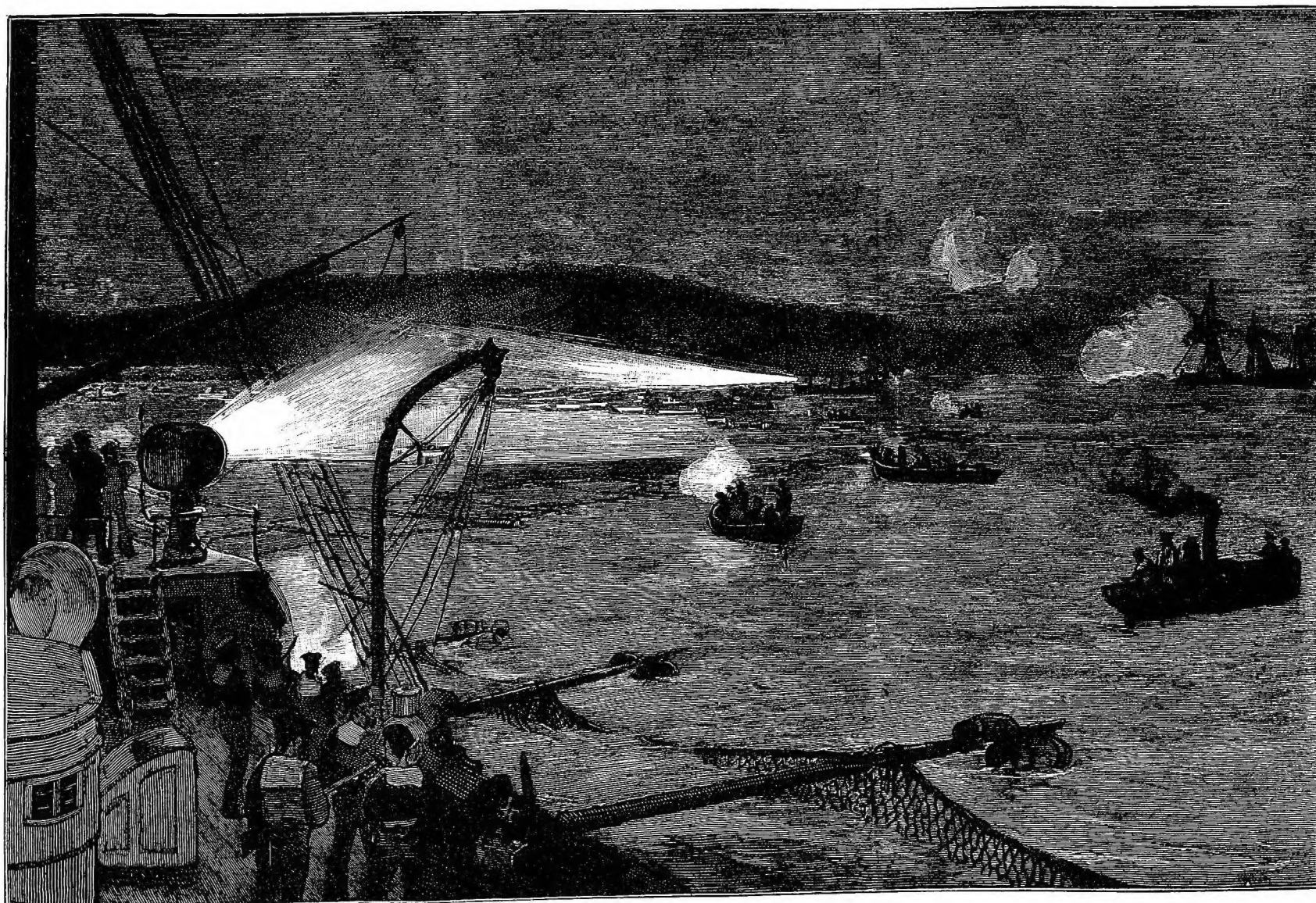
"THE ENEMY HAS GONE OUT TO SEA"—SIGNALMEN PASSING THE NEWS



THE "POLYPHEMUS" CUTTING THROUGH THE GREAT BOOM
THE DAY AFTER THE ATTACK



BANTRY TOWN FROM THE PIER



THE NIGHT ATTACK

THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON IN BANTRY BAY
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE foreign policy of England still remains the dominant topic abroad. Continental opinion in general approves Lord Salisbury's statement of the new Government's intentions, considering the declaration as firm and straightforward, yet conciliatory, and as auguring well for a peaceful solution of the AFGHAN QUESTION. The assurance that the Conservative Cabinet will observe the pledges given by its predecessors has, indeed, decidedly allayed Russian irritability, roused afresh by the honours bestowed on Sir Peter Lumsden and the plentiful reports of a fresh departure in the negotiations. Though they saw no harm in rewarding General Komaroff, the Russians consider the similar treatment of the British Commissioner as a direct anti-Russian demonstration, and the Press lately burst out afresh in abuse and warlike sentiments. They urged the Czar's Government to demand the strictest guarantees respecting Afghanistan; and a pretty plain explanation of Muscovite views was given by a specious semi-official letter from St. Petersburg in the *Viennese Political Correspondence*, pointing out that the advance in Central Asia has been forced upon the Russians step by step, and that they must be driven on until they reach a secure strategic position. But since Lord Salisbury's speech a far more moderate tone has prevailed, though the journals are very cautious in their comments, and merely assent to the British Premier's hope that the negotiations will end in an understanding. Nor do the Russians relax for a moment their military preparations on the Afghan frontier, but are moving fresh troops towards Merv, and have massed a large force at Askabad. These operations, together with the grievously disturbed state of Afghan Turkestan, which at any moment might afford a pretext for Russian interference, foster the popular opinion on the frontier that war is still highly probable. Indeed, in INDIA it has been officially notified that all military leave must be restricted until the Anglo-Russian negotiations are definitively concluded. Neither is much credit attached to the Ameer's loyal professions towards England, as it is shrewdly suspected that he hoped for larger presents and help from the British Government. On the other hand, Abdurrahman is reported to be gathering his troops in readiness to seize the first opportunity for avenging the Penjdeh affair. The British Mission is still waiting in camp close to Herat, and India is counting the cost of the late extraordinary military preparations, which will exceed 400 lakhs of rupees.

Lord Wolsley has left EGYPT on his return home, installing Lieutenant-General Sir F. Stephenson as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. For the present the British will hold the head of the railway, forty miles south of Wady Halfa, besides keeping an advance guard at Akasheh, fifty miles farther up the Nile, while the province of Dongola has been put under the charge of Tumbal Hamid, a descendant of the Kings of Argo Island. So far there seems small prospect of the Mahdi's making any important forward movement; for, though the False Prophet is concentrating his troops at Omdurman, money and food are scarce, as the Sudanese were prevented by the war from cultivating their land. Osman Digma lately visited the Mahdi, to congratulate him on the fall of Khartoum, and was most ceremoniously received. Apart from military movements, the Egyptian Government anxiously await some definite arrangement of their financial difficulties, which daily grow more perplexing. Indeed, the Treasury has now only sufficient funds to last till the end of August. As FRANCE, however, has at last ratified the Egyptian financial convention, it is hoped that the forthcoming loan will loosen the tension of the monetary situation. Some little disappointment is expressed across the Channel that Lord Salisbury's remarks on Egypt gave but a very vague notion of the British plans—an opinion shared by other countries. Altogether the French seem specially anxious for a cordial understanding with England on Egyptian affairs, though M. Rochefort and his friends still keep up the excitement about Olivier Pain, and even propose to prosecute Lord Wolsley for putting a price on his head.

Indeed FRANCE at present has quite enough to do with her own intimate foreign relations without raising absurd disputes. Just as the French were congratulating themselves on the satisfactory conclusion of the Chinese quarrel, and were preparing to ratify the Peace Treaty, a serious outburst in Annam nearly turned their rejoicing into dire sorrow. General de Courcy, who had gone to Hué on a mission to the King, was suddenly attacked by 30,000 Annamites, instigated by the Regent, Nguyen Thu Hong, and narrowly escaped destruction. The French effectually dispersed their assailants and seized the Regent, but the General's utter lack of caution in a hostile town and the hazardous management of the affair weigh heavily against the brilliant victory. All danger is over, as the Annamites are completely crushed and plentiful reinforcements are at hand, still the whole matter has created a most unpleasant impression, though it did not prevent the Chamber from ratifying the Peace Treaty with China. Nor are the French quite comfortable in their other Colonial conquests. A slight insurrection has occurred in Cambodia, while in Madagascar the natives assert their rights afresh, and the French Admiral is short of troops, and is placed in a most awkward position. Meanwhile the Home Government have shown special attention to a Moorish Mission, with the view, it is confidently asserted, of obtaining a more satisfactory frontier between Morocco and Algeria.

These Eastern troubles are expected to considerably influence the elections, which will probably not take place before September. Politicians of all shades are vigorously quarrelling in preparation for the struggle, but mostly join in deriding the weak Legitimist party, the Blancs d'Espagne, who have been meeting in Paris on behalf of their Spanish candidate, Juan de Bourbon, in opposition to the Orleanists. PARIS has been mildly interested in a municipal election where an especially artisan quarter returned a moderate man in preference to a Socialist. There has been a bad fire in a piano factory at St. Ouen, which spread to the neighbouring cemetery, and destroyed the trees and all the funereal emblems.

SPAIN is fairly panic-stricken by the cholera epidemic, and the scenes in many towns painfully recall the horrors of last year's outbreak in Naples. The number of cases and deaths has greatly increased during the last week, and amounted on Tuesday to 1,109 and 628 respectively. As the sanitary and quarantine precautions are not observed alike throughout the different provinces fugitives spread in all directions and disseminate the infection. Cases occur in the trains, and voluntary helpers have been so overworked that many have died at their posts, leaving some districts utterly without assistance. The province and town of Valencia suffer most severely; but the full force of the epidemic seems concentrated at Aranjuez, now truly a city of the dead. Not a shop, even the chemists', remains open; most of the inhabitants have fled; and priests, doctors, and dead-carts alone are to be met in the streets. Some small confidence was restored by the King's visit last week, when His Majesty stole away secretly to Aranjuez early in the morning, lest his Ministers should prevent his journey; but matters have since grown worse again. King Alfonso displayed the utmost courage, going on foot to visit the sick, and he was received with wild enthusiasm on returning to Madrid. So far the capital appears little

affected by the disease; but the Government seem most incompetent to cope with the outbreak, though at last they are willing to freely allow Dr. Ferran's inoculation experiments. They have met with a scathing denunciation in Parliament from Señor Castelar.

The Brunswick Succession dispute has been energetically discussed in GERMANY, where the Duke of Cambridge's claims have aroused considerable annoyance. Some writers even suggest the passing of a law to prevent foreign princes reigning in any German State—a measure, by the way, which would affect the Duke of Edinburgh's inheritance of the Saxe-Coburg Duchy. Yet the Duke of Cambridge merely asserted his rights as next heir after the Duke of Cumberland and his family, and laid claim to the Regency and the guardianship of the succession to the throne. The Federal Council decided against the Duke of Cumberland's pretensions on the same plea as the Brunswick Diet—i.e., incompatibility with the Imperial peace and security; and have requested the Diet to reconsider the future government of the Duchy. It seems perplexing also to decide on a suitable ruler for another troublesome German State—Alsace-Lorraine. Marshal Manteuffel's post as Governor is still vacant, and for the present the Secretary of the State manages the affairs of the province. Emperor William fast regains strength at Ems, and will visit the Emperor of AUSTRIA, at Ischl on August 7th. Meanwhile, though their two Sovereigns plan friendly meetings, the two Empires are just now on the verge of a serious tariff war. Prince Bismarck's protective arrangements weigh heavily on Austrian trade, so Austria asks Hungary to join in retaliatory duties on German products, seizing the present opportunity when the sister kingdoms renew their commercial treaty—entered into afresh every ten years. The agricultural situation also is not improved by the disastrous thunderstorms which have lately raged over many parts of Austro-Hungary. Crops and fruit-trees have been destroyed by the hail, while violent gales demolished many buildings and tracts of forests. Many people too, have been killed by the lightning, which fired the town of Herodenka in the Bukovina, and as the strong wind spread the flames, the whole place was consumed.

The last spark of the rebellion in CANADA has died out with the capture of Big Bear and his followers. Tamed by famine, the chief was crossing to Fort Carlton to surrender when he was taken, and the remainder of his band soon followed suit. Riel's trial begins on the 20th, and the rebel has been handed over to the civil authorities after a formal arraignment for high treason. The Canadians have been greatly excited over the fresh fishery duties, which have caused a hot dispute with Newfoundland. As the Dominion authorities taxed fish from Newfoundland at the same rate as imports from the United States, the Colony retaliated by imposing duties on Canadian flour and pork. Many protests ensued, and Canada finally yielded, freeing Newfoundland from all duties, whilst negotiating for a commercial treaty.

Labour difficulties continue to disturb the UNITED STATES, and a strike of tramcar employes has put Chicago in a perfect ferment. The managers wanted to lower the men's wages, so the employes struck, and for several days not a street-car ran till the company managed to work a few under police protection. But the public, though seriously inconvenienced, sided with the strikers, and at first no one would enter the cars. Sympathetic mass meetings were held, and riotous crowds filled the streets, causing serious disturbances, so that the tram company have now yielded to the men. The striking iron-workers at Cleveland, Ohio, are also very violent, and invaded the mills to stop the new hands engaged. Mrs. Dudley is now in the State Asylum, Middletown, and declares that she is quite satisfied, as she "needs rest and seclusion." Her companion is a girl who imagines herself the only daughter of Queen Victoria.

In SOUTH AFRICA Sir C. Warren's proposals for the Government of Bechuanaland met with strong opposition from the Cape Parliament, the week's debate leading to no definitive conclusion. While the Cape Government want to fix their own conditions for taking over Bechuanaland, and to manage the country in their own way, the Bechuas themselves strongly object to be annexed to the Cape, and plead for a British protectorate. Sir C. Warren accordingly proposes that Bechuanaland should be ruled by a Lieutenant-Governor, under a High Commissioner for South Africa—not the Governor of the Cape—and a Legislative Council. He estimates that the revenue would cover the expenses of the Government. The British vessel *Moor* has been to St. Lucia, and reports that the British flag flies safely, and that there are no Boers in the neighbourhood. The coveted territory is not very accessible, as four of the crew were drowned in the surf when landing, and the remainder had to go overland to Durban to rejoin their ship.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS rumours of reconciliation between Church and State are widely current in ITALY. Leo XIII. has lately shown distinct signs of holding out the olive-branch, more particularly by his recent rebuke to the Ultramontanes for recommending an unbending policy. The Pope has summoned Dr. Walsh to Rome for consecration, wishing personally to instruct the new Archbishop of Dublin on his attitude towards the British Government.—The Customs authorities in TURKEY persistently annoy British shopkeepers, and the contest lately reached a climax by a Government agent sealing up a shop on the pretence that the owner sold spirits illegally. The British Consul-General broke the seals, and restored the shopkeeper to his place, and the Turkish authorities quietly yielded to Mr. Fawcett's action. The Porte is now making another effort to control the foreign mails, having requested that all printed matter passing through the post may be examined by the Ottoman officials before delivery, as through the present arrangements seditious statements are often circulated. This plan would enable the Porte to suppress outspoken foreign newspapers.—A universal federation of the English-speaking peoples is the latest dream of NEW SOUTH WALES. At an American Fourth of July Banquet in Sydney the Acting Colonial Secretary advocated this union, and another Government official suggested that the Queen and President Cleveland should exchange visits as the first steps towards so desirable an end.



THE QUEEN held a private investiture of various Orders at Windsor on Saturday, the Duke of Connaught assisting Her Majesty during the ceremony. Lord Aberdare and the Marquis of Normanby, Viscounts Eversley and Sherbrooke, and Sir Peter Lumsden were created Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, while Messrs. N. Barnaby and A. K. Stephenson were admitted to the Civil Division of the Second Class of the same Order; Sir J. Fergusson received the Star of India; and the Order of St. Michael and St. George was conferred upon Lord Carrington, Sir A. Clarke, and Sir F. Weld. Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor in the afternoon from staying the previous night in town for the State Concert, and in the evening Lords Randolph Churchill and George Hamilton, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach dined with the Queen. Next morning Her Majesty, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at the Frogmore Mausoleum, where

the Dean of Windsor officiated; and subsequently Countess Feodore Gleichen lunched with the Royal party. Major and the Hon. Mrs. A. Egerton and the Dean of Windsor dined with the Queen in the evening, while on Monday the ex-Empress Eugénie arrived on a visit. The ex-Empress left on Tuesday, when Her Majesty received the Maharajah and Prince Khalid of Johore, and entertained Lord and Lady Idlesleigh, Lord and Lady Cranbrook, and Sir W. Hewett at dinner. The Queen leaves Windsor for Osborne to-day (Saturday) to prepare for the Princess Beatrice's wedding on July 23rd. Only the Princess's relatives and very intimate friends will be invited to the marriage, which is to be as quiet as possible. The various wedding gifts are now being presented to the Princess, who has already received a set of the English poets in an oak bookcase, from mothers and daughters in the Winchester Diocese—to which Osborne belongs—and a present from the Royal servants; while a diamond bracelet will be offered by the residents of Windsor and the neighbourhood. Princess Beatrice's wedding dress will be white satin, trimmed with the Honiton lace worn by the Queen on her marriage, and the Scottish emblem of good luck, white heather, will appear both on this costume and in the bonnet the Princess will wear when leaving for her honeymoon, at Quarr Abbey.—Prince Henry of Battenberg with his family and the Grand Duke of Hesse and his children come to England on the 19th.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday presided at the annual meeting of the Royal College of Music. Later the Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, Princess Victoria, and Prince and Princess Christian opened the Albany Memorial Buildings of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, and inaugurated the new buildings of the Birkbeck Institution, also connected with the Duke of Albany's memory. The Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service on Sunday, and next day the Prince was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission for Housing the Working Classes, afterwards going to the House of Lords. On Tuesday the Prince went to Newmarket, while the Princess visited the Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association at Lady Brownlow's residence. On Thursday night the Prince and Princess attended Lady Folkestone's Concert in aid of the People's Entertainment Society. Next Monday the Prince holds a *Lévée* on the Queen's behalf, and on Tuesday starts with the Princess for Yorkshire, staying with Lord Ripon at Studley Royal. They spend Wednesday in Leeds, and the Prince then goes to Preston for two days, staying with Lord Lathom at Ormskirk, whence he visits Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, near Aylesbury, before returning to town. Prince Albert Victor has joined the 10th Hussars at Aldershot. Prince George has obtained first-class certificates for seamanship from the Greenwich Naval College and for the torpedo course at Portsmouth, and a third-class in navigation. He has now only to qualify himself in gunnery before becoming a Lieutenant.

Princess Christian was at the French Plays on Monday, and on Tuesday opened a bazaar at Stepney in aid of the parish of St. Philip.—The Duke of Connaught has been suffering from hay-asthma.—The Duke of Teck's father, Prince Alexander of Württemberg, has died at the age of eighty-one, and the Duke is not well enough to attend the funeral. His two sons have gone as his representatives.—The Duchess of Cumberland has another son.

A LÉVÉE AT ST. JAMES'S

GENTLEMEN who attend *levées* may be roughly divided into three sections. First there are those who have the right of immediate access to the inner room in an official or honorary capacity, and whose presence is regarded as lending a sort of additional splendour to the ceremonial. Secondly there are the persons who, having already been presented at Court, attend out of respect to the Royal Family, or for the purpose of presenting others, or for some other motive best known to themselves. Thirdly there are the gentlemen who, not having appeared at Court before, come for the purpose of being presented to the Sovereign, or to the representative of the Sovereign. The part which each of these classes plays in the ceremony will sufficiently appear from the following account of the ordeal which has to be gone through by a candidate for presentation.

The Englishman who desires to be introduced to his Sovereign in accordance with State etiquette has to be proposed for the honour by one who has already gone through the same formality. His name is forwarded to the Lord Chamberlain, with a description of his occupation or the position he occupies; and it is of course necessary that his vocation should be of the more honourable kind. But a good deal of latitude is now allowed as to the sort of occupations which will qualify a man for presentation; and it must be a really formidable objection which would be held to disqualify him. Still the Lord Chamberlain exercises a very strict supervision as to the names submitted to him, and instances are not unfrequent of a proposal being rejected on the ground of the unfitness of the person proposed. Moreover, the precise status of the individual must be declared in accordance with set rules. It is, for instance, not allowed to describe any one as an officer in the Volunteer Corps, this being one of the particulars in which a wide distinction is drawn between the regulars and the auxiliary forces. It is of course the business of the person who is to make the presentation to see that all these formalities are properly observed.

When the name is duly passed the candidate, if he is a civilian, has to procure his Court dress. If he is of an economical turn of mind, and does not propose to attend many subsequent *levées*, he may borrow a costume for the day, very much in the same way as he might obtain the loan of one for a fancy ball. The cut and appearance of a Court dress are so well known that it is unnecessary to describe it further than by referring to those which are shown in our engraving. But it should be remarked that of late years a new style of Court dress has come largely into fashion, having a coat open at the front and showing the white waistcoat which is worn with it. All members of the Army and Navy of course wear their full dress uniform, and members of the Government and of the Diplomatic Corps also wear special dresses appropriated to them. A great variety of these will be seen in the engraving, which presents many of the most striking military uniforms and those of a Minister of State, and the Ambassador of a Foreign Power. Ecclesiastical persons of all ranks wear their academic dress, with bands, but are not exempted from the necessity of appearing in shorts and silk stockings with low shoes and buckles like other civilians.

The aspirant, thus rigged out in the proper costume, repairs to St. James's Palace, and ascends the steps, which are lined by beefeaters and a guard of honour, to an ante-room in which he will find others waiting on the same errand. As the room fills, the scene soon becomes very gay and picturesque with the varied uniforms of the military men and the embroidered dresses of the diplomats. The arrival of the Prince of Wales—or of the Queen, if she is present—is announced by the playing of the National Air by the band in the courtyard outside. Then the crowd—for it is already something of a crowd—is passed on gradually from room to room according as there is space for its admission, until the front rank arrives at the vestibule of the Throne Room, where it is formed in Indian file within a sort of barrier shutting it off from the rest of the room. Along this the candidates pass in their order into the inner room, where the Sovereign or her representative is seen seated on the Throne, and surrounded by the Royal Princes and the great dignitaries of the Court. Behind the Throne and on each side are ranged foreign Ambassadors, Ministers of State, the

Lord Chancellor, and, in a prominent place, the Lord Chamberlain himself.

Each person as he walks past this functionary hands to him a card, upon which his name is written, and then passes forward to the front of the Throne. As he arrives here his name is read aloud by the Lord Chamberlain, and he makes his bow to the representative of Royalty. If the Prince is already acquainted with the individual he usually shakes hands with him. In any other case he bows. The subject passes on quickly, with an obeisance to the other Princes of the Royal Family whom he passes after standing before the Prince of Wales.

The only difference between this ceremonial and that of a *levée* at which the loyal subject does not appear for the first time is that the preliminary of leaving the card beforehand at the Lord Chamberlain's Office is not required, and that no second person need be present to act as the introducer. There is the same formal march-past, and the same reading of the names by the Lord Chamberlain, these formalities being dispensed with only in the case of the high diplomatic functionaries and State dignitaries who have the right to form part of the "general circle" in the inner room.



THE DEATH, on the verge of eighty-three, is announced of Dr. Moberly, the venerable Bishop of Salisbury, whose resignation of his See, from age and infirmities, has for some time been talked of, and was understood to be impending. He belonged to a family extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits at St. Petersburg, and he was educated at Winchester College, proceeding from it to Balliol College, Oxford, of which he became Fellow and Tutor. In 1835 he was appointed to the Head-Mastership of his old school, Winchester, which he retained for more than thirty years, when he was appointed Rector of Brightstone, Isle of Wight, and Canon of Chester. A Moderate High Churchman, in 1869, during Mr. Gladstone's first Premiership, he succeeded Bishop Hamilton in the See of Salisbury, over which he has since presided with great efficiency. He was the author of a number of works, among them a volume of Bampton Lectures, and the preface to his "Sermons at Winchester College," published in 1848, contained a defence of the principle of the fagging system as distinct from its abuse. Dr. Moberly was an intimate friend of the author of "The Christian Year."

THE LORD MAYOR entertained the Archbishop and Bishops at a banquet in the Mansion House on Wednesday, and proposed the health of his guests. Replying for the toast the Archbishop of Canterbury said, that in his belief there never was a time when such a vast body of the Church, not only clergy but laity, were so devoted to Church work, when the Church was so universally stretching out its arms in all directions, and when Churchmanship was so entirely apart from politics. He himself was a living instance of how little politics had to do with the Church, for while he had been appointed to the See of Truro by Lord Beaconsfield, it was Mr. Gladstone who appointed him to the Archdiocese.

AT THE BANQUET last week of Conservative members of the Universities of Glasgow and St. Andrew's (referred to in our "Home" and "Legal" columns), Lord Salisbury, though a High Churchman, strenuously championed the cause of the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, in which country, he thought, the battle of the State Church will apparently be fought. Of the Scotch petition against Mr. Peddie's bill for the Disestablishment of the Kirk, he said that there never had been one comparable to it. The number of signatures approached 700,000, a proportion of the population of Scotland which he believed to be without precedent in regard to any measure whatsoever.

THE CONVOCATION OF THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY re-assembled on Tuesday in the Upper House. After a motion of condolence on the occasion of the death of the late Bishop of Salisbury had been voted, a resolution was unanimously carried, recommending that there should be no delay in passing into law the Criminal Law Amendment Act, for the protection of young females, which has been read a third time in the House of Lords.

EARLY IN THE WEEK the Hospital Sunday Fund amounted to 30,350*l*. Of the later sums paid in the largest were 717*l*. collected (with additions), at St. Jude's, Kensington; and 210*l*. received from the West London Synagogue (Rev. Professor Marks).



THE great success which has attended Mr. Hawtrey's adaptation of Herr von Moser's comedy of *Der Bibliothekar*, now, under the title of *The Private Secretary*, verging upon its five hundredth performance at the GLOBE Theatre, has had the effect of turning the eyes of our dramatists more than ever in the direction of the German drama. It is only in quite recent times that anything has been seen upon our stage of the modern German school of light farcical productions, although these have long been familiar to the play-going public in America, where they form the almost exclusive fare of Mr. Augustin Daly's patrons. Now, however, the best of these pieces find almost as ready a market here as the best vaudevilles of the French writers, and hence it is somewhat strange that a production so famous as Herr von Moser's *Ultimo*, which is understood to have made large fortunes for theatrical speculators on the other side of the Atlantic in the form of an English version called the *Big Bonanza*, should have had to wait until last week to make its appearance on the London stage at a morning performance at the STRAND Theatre. The title given to this new version is *On Change; or, the Professor's Venture*, and the author, whose name was not given, has followed his model pretty closely. The result is that it is found to have all the characteristic vices of its kind. The inordinate length of the action, extending as it does to the altogether unreasonable number, in a farcical production, of five acts, and the wanton absurdity of many of the incidents and scenes, are only imperfectly atoned for by the whimsical humour of a conception which the author does not seem to have given himself the pains adequately to work out. The Professor of the title is a self-sufficient gentleman, knowing a good deal of science, but very little of business, who in a rash moment talks lightly of the difficulties of making a fortune in business, and is taken to task by a wealthy man of business, who places 10,000*l*. to his credit at a bank, giving him leave to speculate with it to his heart's content until the end of the month, when, says the merchant, "you will be fortunate if you still possess the coat on your back and the hair on your head." Of course the Professor, being ignorant of the ways of Capel Court, makes a terrible hash of it until in the end he is humbled and penitent, and to his great joy discovers that the instructions he has given to his brokers to "bull" this

security or "bear" that other, have been, in accordance with secret instructions, absolutely ignored, so that the 10,000*l*. remains intact. So far as this theme is worked out, it will be seen that the piece enforces the wholesome moral of the Roman satirist about the cobbler and his last, but unfortunately this is eked out with so much that is irrelevant that the moral is comparatively lost sight of, and the performance undoubtedly brought a certain sense of weariness to a particularly well-disposed audience. Mr. Felix Morris made a very successful *début* in the character of the Professor, which he played with a grim stolidity which was infinitely diverting, and Mr. Farren lent the weight of his practised skill to the comparatively unimportant part of the merchant, but the acting otherwise presented no remarkable feature. Miss Eweretta Lawrence, by whom the *matinée* was given, played the part of an *ingénue* with some amount of intelligence, but she evidently lacks experience. The production was favourably received.

Monday night witnessed the revival, at the PRINCE'S Theatre, of the *Great Pink Pearl*, by Messrs. Carton and Raleigh, which was produced recently at a *matinée* at the OLYMPIC. This is altogether an excellent specimen of the class of production to which it belongs. The exciting chase after the great pink pearl, through its many strange vicissitudes, is admirably contrived; so much so indeed that despite the farcical character of most of the situations, the interest of the audience is maintained at a high pitch from beginning to end. Moreover there are many bright little passages in the dialogue, and there is much whimsicality in the conception of the characters, who are consistent and firmly drawn, and have the appearance, which it is not easy for a dramatist to produce, of unconsciously revealing out of their own mouths their own foibles and peculiarities. The piece is admirably acted, most of those who appeared in the original production, resuming the parts then played by them. M. Marius shows considerable power and a keen sense of the ludicrous as the Russian Prince, Mr. S. Harcourt as the unfortunate writer-server gives a sketch of a Cockney as true and as amusing as that formerly presented by Mr. Coote in the *Silver King*, Mr. C. Groves gives an excellent burlesque rendering of the Italian Nihilist with an Irish brogue, Miss Compton makes a stately and imposing Princess, while Mr. Giddens now appears as the *soi-disant* American millionaire, and minor characters are admirably represented by Miss Clara Jecks, Miss Gabrielle Goldney, and Mr. Caffrey.

Mr. Terriss will join the ADELPHI company in the autumn, but will not be absent from the cast of *Olivia* when the performances of that play are resumed after the summer holidays. It will probably be in the latter days of October that he will make his appearance at Messrs. Gatti's theatre in Mr. G. R. Sims's new melodrama.

Mr. Byron's posthumous comedy, *The Shuttlecock*, will be withdrawn at TOOLE'S Theatre after Friday next. On Monday next Mr. Toole and his associates will make their first appearance in Mr. Burnand's new travesty of *Theodora*. The title is *The O'Dora; or, The Wrong Accent*.

The entertainments at the STRAND, where Mr. John S. Clarke sustains in *The Heir at Law* the characters of both Dr. Pangloss and Zekiel Homespun, now conclude with an *apropos* sketch called *The Inventories*, by Mr. Savile Clarke. Its chief merit lies in the scene representing that popular place of resort.

Selections of scenes from *Money* and *London Assurance* will be the chief items in the bill on the occasion of the farewell performances of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the HAYMARKET. The date fixed is Monday, the 20th inst. The Prince and Princess of Wales will be present. A large number of popular actors and actresses have volunteered to appear on the occasion—many in parts of very little importance, the chief motive being of course that of testifying their regard for their distinguished comrades. The weather is just now rather warm for indoor theatricals; but the Bancroft farewell is certain to attract a great audience.

The concluding representations of Fletcher's pastoral play, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, were given on Saturday and Monday last in the beautiful grounds of Dr. Foster MacGeagh's Hydropathic Establishment at Coombe. Since the improvement in the weather the performances of Lady Archibald Campbell and her associates have been attended by numerous and distinguished audiences.

Mr. Sydney Alport's annual benefit is announced to take place at the VAUDEVILLE on Saturday evening next, July 18th.



THE OPERA.—Mlle. Fohström made her regular *début* last Thursday in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The young artist had had no full rehearsal, although she had at very short notice sung the titular part on the previous Tuesday. It was manifest that the *débutante* was still nervous. She also made a serious mistake common to new comers, who attempt to force the vocal organ, forgetting that although the auditorium of Covent Garden is large, its acoustic properties are excellent. Under the circumstances it was almost impossible to judge of the quality of Mlle. Fohström's voice, and this forcing likewise compelled her more than once to sing out of tune. Nevertheless it is evident that the *débutante*, who is said to have been one of the members of the "Swedish Quartet" is a full rather than a light soprano, and it seems that either her upper register is not yet fully matured, or that it has been worn by over use or faulty method. Mlle. Fohström has indeed much to learn as a vocalist, and nearly everything as an actress; but she has a pleasing manner, which quite captivated a slender though appreciative audience. The feebleness of the rest of the cast was somewhat trying to the new comer, and the famous concerted piece in the contract scene, though encored, has rarely been more indifferently rendered. Covent Garden is this season avowedly carried on under the star system, and when the favourite *prima donna* takes 500*l*. per night there is little left for the salaries of an adequate company.—On Saturday Madame Patti reappeared in *Martha*, an opera in which we believe she has not sung for several years. Madame Patti was still out of voice, and early in the evening, perhaps almost for the first time in her career, she sang out of tune. "The Last Rose of Summer" had, of course, to be repeated. For the sake of Madame Cavalazzi a ballet was interpolated, the music being, we believe, from the pen of Signor Arditi.—On Tuesday, Madame Patti, who had entirely recovered from her cold, repeated her familiar impersonation of Marguerite in *Faust*. It is not the best part in her *répertoire*, and the efforts of the *prima donna* were on Tuesday severely handicapped by a feeble cast of artists. But the audience did not care, and doubtless preferred an indifferent performance with Madame Patti, to an adequate all-round performance without her. This is, of course, the "star system" pure and simple. But apparently it pays.

MUSICAL ACADEMIES.—Our three great colleges of music, upon which the profession mainly depends for recruits, are about to close for the holidays, and all three have a good account of the year's work to give. The Prince of Wales presided at the annual meeting of the Royal College of Music held at Marlborough House on Saturday. Sir George Grove was able to report that the funded property now amounted to 112,175*l*., that there was a balance of income over expenditure, that twenty-one students were boarded, and thirty-one were gratuitously educated, and that the paying students had

increased to the number of 145. We may add that a performance of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* by the Royal College students will towards the end of the month be given at a London theatre.—At the Royal Academy of Music there are upwards of 500 students. The concert given at St. James's Hall last week was, however, of less interest than usual, and some disappointment was expressed that only one composition by a student—a promising but somewhat too ambitious "Concert Piece," by Miss Dora Bright—was included in the programme. The prizes will be delivered to the successful students by Lady Aberdare on the 24th instant.—The Guildhall School of Music, founded by the Corporation of London five years ago, is now by far the largest in the world. The students number about 2,500, and a corps of nearly 100 of the leading professors of London is presided over by Mr. Weist Hill. The Corporation is now building a new and far larger house for the Guildhall School, on the Victoria Embankment, and the first stone will be laid by Mr. Pearce Morrison on the 21st instant.

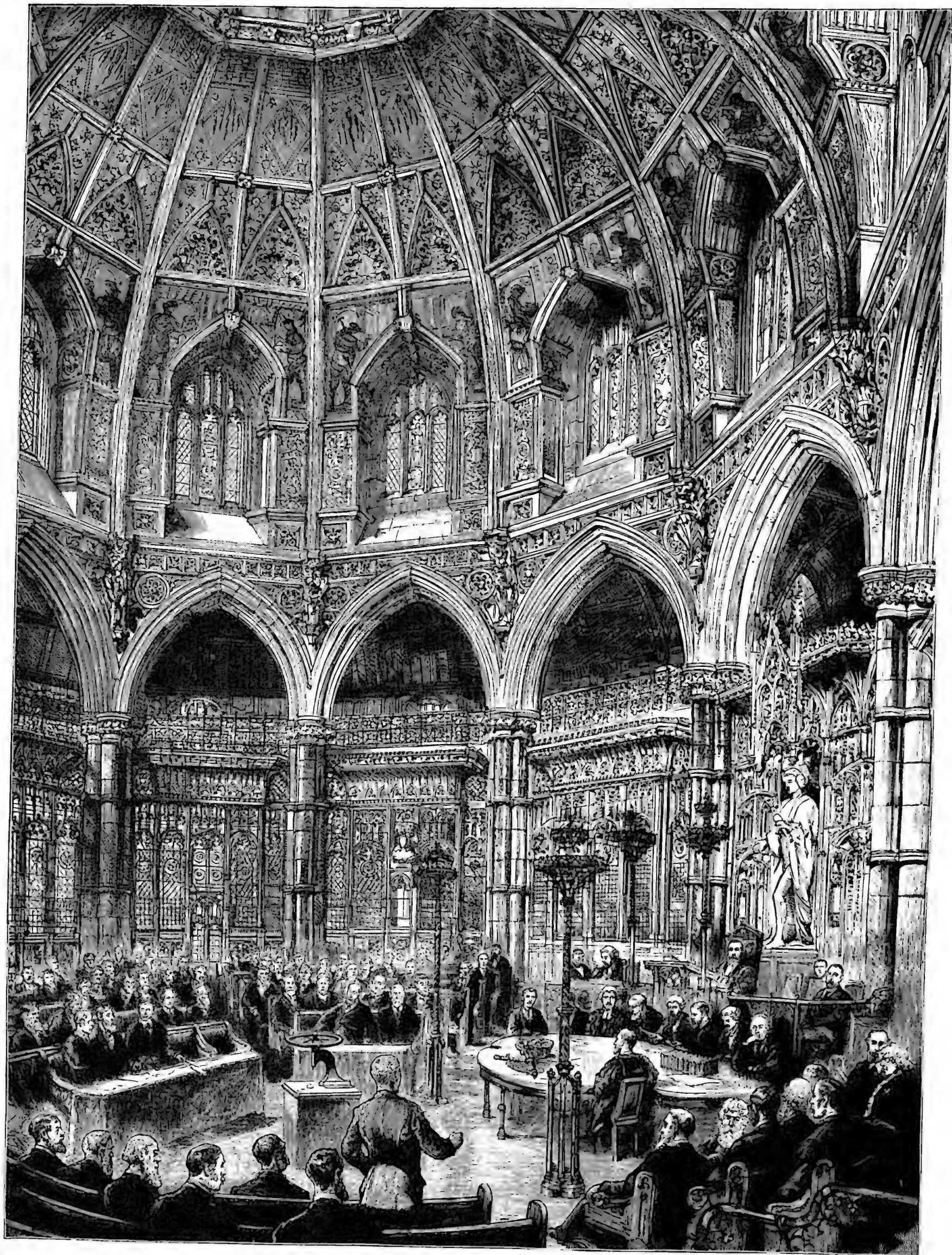
CONCERTS.—The concert season is gradually dwindling down, and in less than a fortnight it will be over. Still a few performances of interest remain. Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen, gave his annual concert on Saturday, when his pupils furnished a band of harps. The programme included a "Serenade," by the once-famous harp music composer, Parish-Alvars, arrangements for the harp of Welsh and operatic melodies, and vocal selections from Mr. John Thomas's collection of Welsh songs.—On Tuesday, Mlle. Hélène Armis gave an interesting concert, chiefly of music of the modern German school. Two charming vocal duets by Dvorák, and songs by Rubinstein, Brahms, and Abt, piano and violin solos by Liszt, Schumann, and others, were in the programme.—On Wednesday, at Mr. F. Praeger's chamber concert, his new sonata for piano and violoncello was announced to be performed by Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig.—Also, on Wednesday, the Bristol Madrigal Society gave at the Inventions Exhibition the first of a series of performances of English and Italian madrigals, of the sixteenth and following centuries.—On the same afternoon Viscountess Folkestone conducted a concert given by her string orchestra and choir, which consists exclusively of ladies of the upper class. Last year *The Graphic* gave an illustration and full description of Viscountess Folkestone's party, which, it should be stated, modestly refrains from challenging criticism.—Concerts have also been given by Signor Carpi, Mlle. Castellan, M. Bach, Miss Jennie Young, Signor and Mlle. Badia, Mr. E. Braham, Mlle. Spontini, Herr Lehmeier, Miss Emma Barker, Mlle. Victoria de Bunsen, Mr. Victor Benham, Madame Gayraud Pacini, and numerous others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Gounod has promised to conduct his oratorio, *Mors et Vita*, at the Birmingham Festival next month, if the Festival Committee will guarantee him immunity from a judgment recently obtained against him.—A plan is on foot to give a season of combined Italian opera and ballet on the old style at Her Majesty's Theatre in the winter. No details are, however, yet settled.—The present Covent Garden season will continue until the 25th inst.—Madame Christine Nilsson is holiday-making at Schwalbach.—At the close of the opera season, Mr. Mapleson and some members of his family will take a holiday at Aix.—Mr. Carl Rosa is touring about Switzerland, but will return next month to prepare for his autumn season.—M. Andran has just completed, to a libretto by Mr. Farnie, a new comic opera for a London theatre yet unnamed. The opera is provisionally entitled *La Nouvelle Fermière*.—The French opera season at the Gaiety closed on Friday of this week.—The veteran song writer, Robert Franz, almost the last of the famous composers of characteristic German *lieder*, passed his seventieth year at Halle on the 28th ult.—The death is announced at Temeswar, in Hungary, aged seventy-three, of Ludwig Liszt, brother of the celebrated Abbé.—The widow of the late Victor Massé died last week in Paris.—The Dettingen *Te Deum* and songs for Madame Albani will be performed in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday next for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, which charity Handel so greatly benefited.—Miss d'Esterre Keeling will give a concert on Saturday for the Albany Memorial. Mr. Walter Besant has offered to contribute readings.—Mr. Cusins has succeeded Sir Julius Benedict at the Guildhall School of Music.—Mr. Harding Milward, one of the committee of the Birmingham Festival, has officially contradicted the rumours of a wholesale dismissal of English orchestral players in favour of Germans. Mr. Milward states that out of 135 performers nearly a hundred are English.

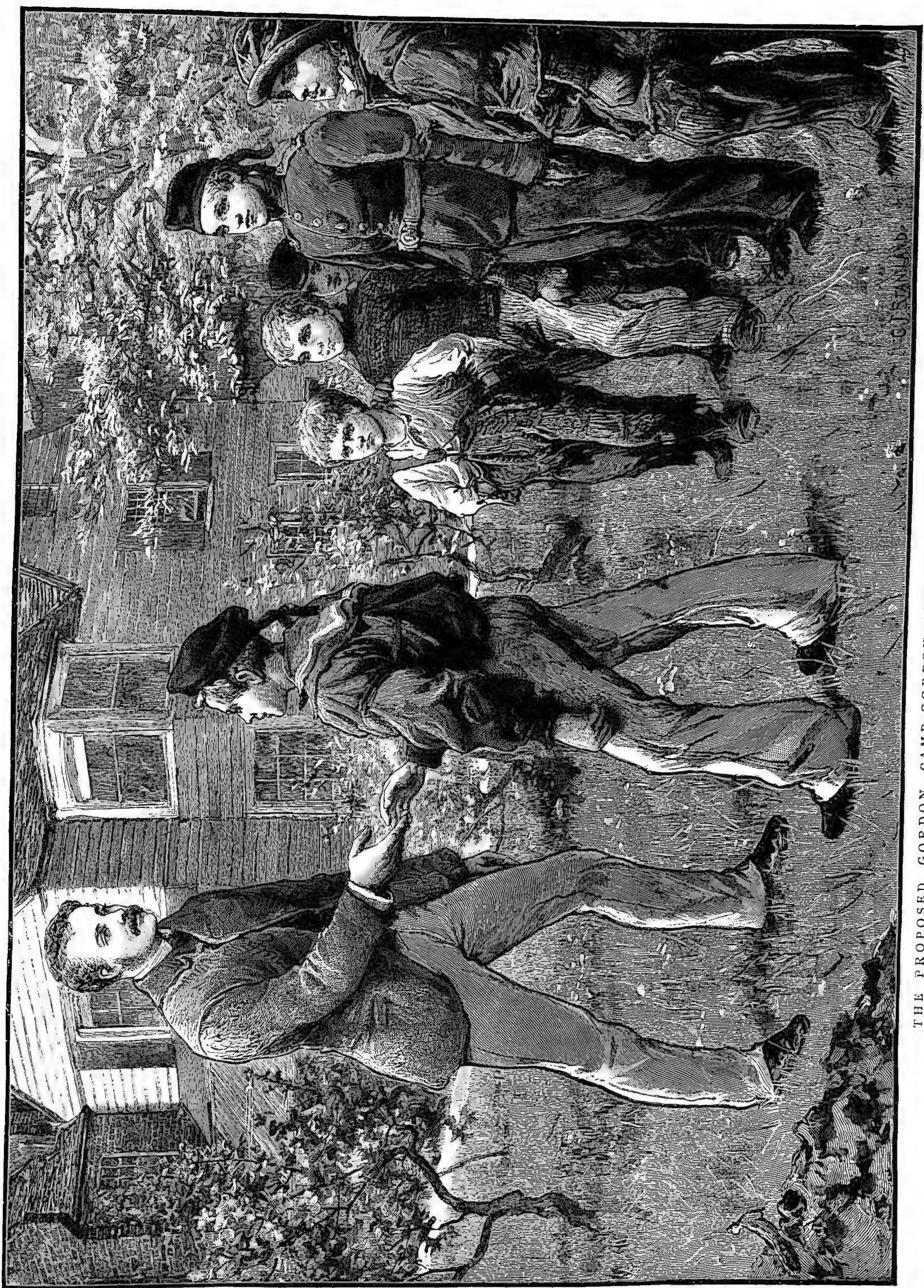


THE TURF.—The July Meeting at Newmarket would always be interesting were it only for the competition between crack two-year-olds in the July Stakes. On Tuesday last, for this important contest, St. Mirin, Mephisto, Ste. Alvere, and Kendal, all good public performers and animals of merit, were among a field of nine, and were fancied in the order just given, and so open was the race considered that as much as 4 to 1 could be had against the favourite, St. Mirin, who, however, failed to get a place, while the Duke of Westminster's Kendal beat Mephisto, Ste. Alvere running third. All these animals had been shown directly or indirectly inferior to the all-conquering Saraband, who with the other crack youngster, the Bard, were not nominated for this race. After these Kendal may fairly claim to be considered the best public performer among the juveniles. He mitage followed up his distinct successes by winning the Bunbury Handicap with the top-weight on his back, and another animal of some notoriety has followed a similar course at Carlisle in the person of Blue Grass, who, with his 14 lbs. penalty, added the Cumberland to his victory in the Northumberland Plate. On the Wednesday the Exeter Stakes at Newmarket fell to Gay Hermit; and the July Cup was won easily enough by Energy from the speedy Highland Chief, The Prince, and Glen Albion. The winner ran in the colours of Captain Machell, who bought him for 4,000 guineas at "Mr. Manton's" sale on the previous day. The price seems a big one; but probably Energy is as good as ever he was, and his value as a sire may be taken for granted. The sale of blood stock was a great feature at the Newmarket gathering, which, taken as a whole, was as successful and enjoyable as its predecessors for many years. The Prince of Wales was among the many notabilities who "assisted."—The market for the St. Leger shows little alteration since our last notes, though a shade longer odds is laid against Melton, whose price is quoted as 9 to 4 instead of 2 to 1. Cora and Farewell have recently come in for some notice.

CRICKET.—The two annual matches between the "Gentlemen and Players," the one at the Oval, and the other at the Lord's, have this year gone in favour of the professionals. Previously to the year 1867, the Players had pretty much their own way, but since then have won but very few of the matches. At the Oval the match had to be drawn, but it was in favour of the professionals, who at the finish had only 45 runs to get, with five wickets to fall. They put together 352 in their first innings, to which the amateurs replied with only 172. In the second innings, however, of the latter, 372 were totalled, of which Mr. W. W. Read got no less than 159. At Lord's the Players won by four wickets in a fairly contested game, in which the only big score on either side was the 89 of Mr. F. M. Lucas.



THE NEW COUNCIL CHAMBER AT THE GUILDHALL



THE PROPOSED GORDON CAMP—GORDON AND HIS "KINGS" AT GRAVESEND

Mr. M. C. Kemp was in excellent form at the wicket, as indeed he is with the bat this season, his 60 (not out), against the Players at the Oval being a most meritorious performance.—The crack counties during the last few days have been resting somewhat from their labours; but the indefatigable Surrey men have made another very large score, running up 390 in their match against Hampshire at Southampton, which resulted in a one innings' defeat of the latter. Of the 390, Mr. Bowden, of Dulwich renown, was credited with 125, and Mr. W. W. Read with 50.—A somewhat novel match was that recently played on the Private Banks Cricket Ground at Catford Bridge, between Eleven Clergymen, all "Old Blues," and the M.C.C. The game was not finished, but it answered its purpose, as the "gate-money" was given, as arranged, towards a new church at Catford. After the recent blessing of bazaars and lotteries for religious and charitable purposes by the Archbishop of Dublin, no exception can be taken to parsons playing cricket in public to help in building a church.

AQUATICS.—Henley Regatta, for the second year in succession, was favoured by fine weather, and perhaps never showed a more brilliant scene. The sport, also, was excellent, though more dissatisfaction than ever was felt as to the terrible drawback of a crew getting the Bucks side, along which the stream gets stronger every year as the line of moored house-boats lengthens. The Grand Challenge Cup was won by Jesus College, Cambridge, who beat the Twickenham Rowing Club and the London Rowing Club in the final. The last-named did not show its usual good form, but took home the Thames Challenge Cup for Eights. The Ladies' Challenge Cup fell, as it has often done before, to the Eton "Boys" Eight, and certainly a faster or prettier crew was hardly ever sent from the famous school. For the Stewards Cup for Fours the Canadian Argonauts could make no show, and in the final heat for it Trinity Hall, Cambridge, beat Jesus College and the Thames Rowing Club. For the Silver Goblets for Pair-Oars the brothers McLean, of the "Oxford Etonians," easily beat the brothers Earnshaw, of the London Rowing Club; and Unwin, of Magdalen, Oxford, had little difficulty in again winning the Diamond Sculls.—The first annual competition for the recently-established Inter-Hospital Challenge Cup for Fours has been won by the London Hospital, beating Middlesex and St. Bartholomews. The course was from Putney to Hammersmith.

CYCLING.—The Ten Miles Amateur Bicycling Championship of the North, has been contested at Wallsend-on-Tyne, when six good riders put in an appearance. It was won by R. H. English of the North Shields, B.C. (the holder) in 30 min. 47 3-5 sec.

LACROSSE.—For the benefit of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, North of the Thames has been played on the ground of the Clapton Lacrosse Club at Walthamstow. The North as on all former occasions proved victorious, the score being five games to one. The North players were all Clapton and Hampstead men, while the South were almost all of the London and Dulwich Clubs.

SWIMMING.—The fifth annual contest for the Half-Mile Amateur Championship was held on Saturday last at the Welsh Harp, Hendon. The winner was H. C. Schlotel, of the Surbiton Swimming Club, who beat no less than ten opponents, among whom was Mr. D. Ainsworth, the winner on the three previous occasions. On Saturday last he was second to Schlotel, but 53½ seconds behind him, which makes the winner's performance a most excellent one. After the race it was found that the distance was 40½ yards short of the right measurement.



THE NEW JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL, Mr. W. M. T. Marriott who owes his admission into the Ministerial hierarchy to his conversion from Liberalism to Conservatism, is a Q.C., a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, has been largely engaged in compensation and commercial cases, and a few years since was one of the leading Counsel of the London School Board. At the General Election of 1880 he was returned as one of the Liberal candidates for Brighton, and the discontent which votes and speeches against his party produced in a section of his constituents he met by resigning his seat in February, 1884, and standing again as a professed Conservative, when he was re-elected. Mr. Marriott is the author of a pungent pamphlet on Mr. Chamberlain's political programme and career. His re-election will probably be unopposed.

ON TUESDAY, in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, the new Lord Advocate for Scotland, Mr. J. H. A. McDonald, and the new Solicitor-General, Mr. J. P. Robertson, presented their commissions and took the oaths before a large assemblage of spectators. Mr. McDonald was Solicitor-General for Scotland in Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, and is Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. Mr. Robertson has been for several years a prominent and active member of the Conservative party in Scotland. The new Lord Advocate has not hitherto sat in Parliament, but will be a candidate for the representation of Glasgow and St. Andrew's Universities at the General Election. He was present last week at a dinner in London of Conservative members of those Universities, presided over by Lord Salisbury, who warmly supported his candidature, and pronounced a eulogium on him personally.

THE COURT OF APPEAL has adjudicated on one of those curious cases of which during recent years that arising out of the disappearance of the will of the late Lord St. Leonard has been the most noticeable, and in which probate of a missing will is asked for on the strength of testimony adduced as to the declared intentions of the testator. In 1878, it was admitted, a will, which after his death could not be found, was made by a Mr. Morgan, of Bristol, who died in 1883 possessed of property to the amount of 35,000l. In 1874 he and his wife had separated; they were divorced in 1880; and she died in 1882. Her first cousin, Mr. Peters, a Bristol solicitor, was also an intimate friend and old schoolfellow of Mr. Morgan, whose next of kin were distant relatives of whom he knew nothing, and for whom he cared nothing. According to the statement of Peters, Morgan instructed him to draw up his will, handing him a list of legacies on a paper which has not been found. After making a memorandum of them, Peters asked him who was to be his residuary legatee, and being answered "himself," as the testator's nearest and dearest friend, he declined to draw up a will which bestowed so much on himself, and threw the memorandum into the fire. Another Bristol solicitor, who became a bankrupt, and is not to be found, drew up a will for Morgan in 1878, but the clerk who copied it cannot remember its contents. The main evidence as to the contents of this missing will is Mr. Peters' account of the testator's intentions, which is so far corroborated by that of other persons who say that they were told by the testator that he had left them money, in one instance of the precise amount said by Peters to have been stated in the testator's list. After a good deal of hesitation, Mr. Justice Butt admitted to probate the will of 1878 as described by Mr. Peters, holding his account of the testator's intentions to have been substantially correct. From this decision the next of kin appealed, and the Court of Appeal has decided in their favour, and against the will of 1878. In delivering judgment, the Lords Justices expressed their belief in Mr. Peters' honesty,

but held that his evidence was insufficient to prove that the testator's intentions as stated to him had been carried out in the missing will of 1878.

AN INQUEST has been held at Canterbury on the body of Mr. J. K. Cooper of that city, who invented the new phonic system of teaching to read adopted in several London and provincial Board Schools, and who poisoned himself on Sunday by taking strychnine. Mr. Cooper had carried on an extensive business as a chemist and druggist, and a few days before his suicide he filed a petition, his liabilities, it is understood, being considerable. The verdict of the jury was that of suicide while of unsound mind, and was accompanied by an expression of sympathy with the family of the deceased.

ON TUESDAY AT SALISBURY, before Mr. Justice Field, Richard Holloway, 26, described as a clerk, and William Chalk, 39, labourer, were tried for perpetrating the explosions of last year and the beginning of this, at Salisbury, Andover, and Warminster. The prisoners confessed their guilt, and the counsel prosecuting for the Crown admitted that the outrages had been committed, not from any political motives, but out of a mischief-making love of notoriety. On Wednesday they were sentenced, Holloway to twelve, Chalk to two months' hard labour.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have recently received an accession of about fifty members, among the new recruits being the well-known names Sir Richard Cross and Sir Watkin W. Wynn. The Society's balance was reported at the last meeting as amounting to 5,760l. Professor Brown announced that, as far as is known, there is no case of foot-and-mouth disease in the United Kingdom. A parade of cart-horses has been arranged to take place at Preston on the 18th, on the occasion of the Society's annual Show. The Society have declined to adopt a scheme for sending travelling lecturers on agriculture about the country. The show at Preston opens on the 15th and closes on the 20th. The parade of the cattle and horses before the Prince of Wales will take place on the 16th at eleven o'clock, and at two on the same day the annual general meeting of the Society will be held in the show-yard. The railway companies offer some special abatements, but the expense of reaching the north of Lancashire will still be so great as to debar a vast number of Southern and East Anglian agriculturists from seeing the Show.

THE NOTTINGHAM SHOW was held on 2nd and 3rd of July in splendid weather, and commanded a large attendance. Among the cattle were several very fine animals, which will be seen again next week at Preston. There was an average show of sheep, but, in consequence of the prevalence of swine fever in the Midlands, there was no show of pigs. The horses commanded more notice than any other exhibits, and the agricultural classes were especially good. This is a very hopeful sign. The hunters and carriage horses were up to the mark. Some very good birds were to be seen in the poultry classes.

THE EDINBURGH SHOW was held in almost perfect weather, the sunshine being tempered by a fresh breeze. A very good attendance was gathered in the show-yard, where an uncommonly fine collection of Clydesdale horses attracted perhaps the greatest amount of attention, though no lover of agriculture could overlook Ayrshire cattle, the excellent Leicester sheep, the Cheviots and the Blackfaced, and the splendid show of Shropshires. The Shorthorn cattle and the pigs were the poorest features of the exhibition.

GRAIN STOCKS in Great Britain at the beginning of July were found to be very much heavier than they were at Easter, the principal increase being in wheat, flour, and oats. During the latter half of May, and the entire month of June, London stocks were close upon half-a-million sacks of flour, a very awkward possession for holders in hot weather. The articles of which the metropolis has only a moderate quantity in hand are barley, beans, peas, and tares, but it is to be noticed that the comparative smallness of reserves does not lead to anything like high prices prevailing for these staples. Liverpool holds an extremely large quantity of wheat, and Glasgow a great quantity of flour. Thus the breadstuff wants of the people are well guaranteed up to harvest, and prices may accordingly be expected to remain moderate, though diminished deliveries from farmers may stiffen the agricultural markets.

HAY-MAKING is in full operation, and the dry sunny days have favoured the hay-maker. The silo will have to wait for autumn. The growth of grass during June was rapid as well as vigorous, and the yield will be much heavier than was at one time anticipated. It will still fall below an average in bulk, except perhaps for clover, but the pure quality and excellent condition of its securing will to a great extent atone for this. The cattle in the pasture meadows are now doing very well.

AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS have just been the subject of a rather interesting legal decision. A Mr. Barlow let a farm to a Mr. Teal under an agreement in writing to hold from year to year, "until six months' notice is given in the usual way." Relying on the Act of 1883, Teal, in defiance of his own contract, refused to go under a year's notice, and held on. The landlord succeeded in recovering possession, but Teal fought the matter up to the Court of Appeal, where an unanimous decision having been given against him, the matter may be regarded as settled. The owners of farms have now a safe form of words for use when they mean six months' notice to be sufficient; nor will farmers ultimately be the losers by reason of their inability to shuffle out of their own contracts under cover of a statutory enactment.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—On the 18th of July a cuckoo was seen in the gardens of Lincoln's Inn. The observer had a good view of his breast, and, on a second occasion, of his back, and so could hardly be mistaken, though the cuckoo refrained from his well-known cry. Last year two cuckoos were seen in the playground of the Merchant Taylors' School, now situated in the Charterhouse. We are glad to hear of the redstart, hitherto one of the rarest of Irish birds, taking to building here. Mr. Bain, writing from Aberdeen, sends us a note concerning the extraordinary voracity of the sea-trout. In the stomach of a fine three-pounder caught at the mouth of the Dee he found no fewer than thirty sand eels, most of them from four to five inches long.

THE AGRICULTURAL APPOINTMENTS in the new Ministry appear to give great satisfaction to the classes principally concerned. The Duke of Richmond was Chairman of the Royal Agricultural Commission, and his energy in dealing with contagious cattle disease has pleased farmers generally. Mr. Chaplin was the "author" of the Commission over which the Duke of Richmond presided, for it was Mr. Chaplin's persistent motions in the House of Commons that led to the Commission being formed. The assiduity with which Mr. Chaplin has studied and followed up almost every agricultural question of the day will make him more *au fait* with the work of his department than almost any other man of his position would have been. In looking over the new appointments, a word of regret must be expressed concerning the poor health of Mr. C. S. Read, who would otherwise, we understand, have had the post Mr. Chaplin now fills. Farmers will also be sorry to see Mr. Lowther holding aloof, though

his reasons have probably the secret sympathy if not approval of some who have been, we will not say less scrupulous, but less logical, about taking office. Among members of the Government having practical agricultural experience of one sort or another, may be named Lord Salisbury, Lord Idlesleigh, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Carnarvon, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach within the Cabinet, and "beyond the pale," Lord Harris, Sir Matthew W. Ridley, and Sir W. Hart Dyke.

THE HERTFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY held their Annual Show at Hatfield on July 9th. The schedule had twenty classes for cattle, of which eight were for breeds other than Channel Islands, and seven for the latter; special prizes were offered for exhibits of tenant farmers, and a cup for the best animal in the yard. Sheep had ten classes—three for Southdowns, three for Hampshires, one for Dorset ewes, and three for any other breed; and there were six classes for pigs. Agricultural horses had fourteen classes, and prizes were presented by the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Brownlow, Mr. W. Gilbey, and Mr. C. T. Part; and a champion prize were awarded to the best animal in the agricultural section. Hunters, hacks, and cobs were also provided well with classes.

THE WOODLAND.—In the Home Counties the lime with its keen yellow-green tints is the first of trees to welcome the spring. In Somerset, says a well-known writer, the larch is the first to brighten the woodland with its refreshing green. "It seems to start into life and beauty with much less effort than many other trees, and it lights up the distant landscape in a way that is quite delightful. The sycamore and beech come next, and add depth of colour and importance to their surroundings. The oak quickly follows these." In the Home Counties the elm fills a greater place than in the West; in East Anglia, too, the elm is very abundant, and no tree adds more to the generally pleasant and homely appearance of a landscape than does this tall tree, which is graceful without appearing fragile, and shady without that denseness which causes vegetation beneath the beech and the chestnut to wither and die away. Late in leafing, but needed to complete the beauty of any woodland scene, are the maiden birch and ash. This year the richness of the woodland is very remarkable. Almost all the trees have put forth their leaves vigorously, and the leaves themselves are often of unusual size. The display of blossom at the end of leafy June was singularly fine.

PROFESSOR SHELTON, writing on ensilage, says that the system "adds one more resource to the farmer (*sic*), but it is not calculated to supersede either hay-making or root-growing in any very marked degree. It is obvious that while hay must contain only some 15 per cent. of moisture and silage may contain 75 per cent., the crop preserved is more easily digestible in the one case than in the other, and silage may be made when hay would be spoiled by the weather." Mr. Sheldon guards himself against the idea that wet weather is good for making ensilage, but he brings us back to the old position of "in a choice of two evils, choose the least."

A PAPER CANOE is going to explore the true source of the Danube. This novel vessel is piloted by a member of the French Geographical Society, and will visit all the Swiss lakes, returning to Paris by the Rhine, the North Sea, and the Seine.

A SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY MOVEMENT on the London system gains much support in New York. Many prominent shops and warehouses have agreed to close at one o'clock during the summer as an experiment, and now the clerks in the various offices petition for the same privilege.

THE REFORM OF LEGAL LANGUAGE has been taken up by the New York "Language Club," which proposes to shorten and eradicate the superfluous words and sentences used in ordinary business transactions. The members begin by attacking the very constitution of the United States, which they declare contains absurd and needless tautology; and they estimate that useless legal verbiage actually brings New York lawyers alone 20,000l. yearly.

THE LATE CABINET'S TREATMENT OF THE AFGHAN QUESTION has not generally been so gratefully acknowledged as by the Parsee community at Surat. A wealthy Parsee widow actually organised a religious service "to offer thanks for the success of the British cause, and of British diplomacy against Russia;" and the ceremony—largely attended—was completed by gifts of money to the priests and poor Parsees, as a token of gratitude.

STAMP COLLECTORS can add a new specimen to their collection. Hitherto Monaco has used French stamps, but now Prince Charles has issued a special series of three kinds, blue, red, and green, worth respectively ½d., 1½d., and 2½d. They bear the Prince's head in profile, with "Principality of Monaco" printed above. By the way, postage stamps are current as small change in Oregon, U.S., one and two cent pieces being scarce.

GENERAL GRANT'S TEMPORARY HOME among the Adirondack Mountains is in a very secluded spot on Mount Macgregor, a few miles from Saratoga, with no other buildings near but a small railway station and an unfinished hotel. Crowds, however, travel up the mountain to see the General, so his family are obliged to keep constant guard against officious admirers anxious to interview the invalid, and to present him with flowers, fruit, tobacco, and even candy. Gifts, especially of rare wines, come from all parts of Europe. General Grant spends most of his time in the balcony which runs round the two-storied cottage, and which commands a fine view.

THE NEW GERMAN COLONIAL MAIL LINES have now been agreed upon between the Imperial Government and the North German Lloyd Company. The Government pays an annual subsidy of 220,000l. in return for the Company undertaking to run steamers for fifteen years on various lines between Germany, Eastern Asia, and Australia. Thirteen voyages yearly are to be made in both directions, besides twenty-six annual passages on the subsidiary Mediterranean communications. The two most important lines are from Bremerhaven to Hong Kong and Shanghai—touching at Flushing, Suez, Aden, Colombo, and Singapore, and connected with a supplementary service to Japan and Corea—and from Bremerhaven to Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, whence additional boats will go the Samoan Islands. National interests are carefully protected, for the mail steamers are to be built of German materials in German yards, must burn German coal, and be manned only by German crews. In case of war the Teutonic Government reserves the right of hiring or buying the vessels, none of which can be sold without Government permission.

THE RAILWAY JUBILEE IN BELGIUM next August will be kept with great festivity. An elaborate historical procession will parade through Brussels to illustrate the various means of locomotion from early ages down to the present day, and archaeologists are keenly scanning old books and drawings to make every detail true to the life. Primitive Belgic tribes with rude cars drawn by oxen will head the procession, then will come the Roman and Merovingian chariots, followed by the first boats, and next the war-chariots of the Crusaders and the skin-covered vehicles of the feudal epoch. Thence the historical illustrations will travel down through the gorgeous litters of Charles V.'s days, the huge car of the Hanseatic League, recalling the commercial glories of early Flanders, the despatch boats of Rubens' times and the sedan-chairs of later years, to the diligences opening the nineteenth century. The first train which ran in Belgium fifty years ago will be shown intact, contrasting with the final feature of the cavalcade—a model of the largest locomotive in the world. Family and knightly groups also are to accompany the vehicles of each period.

A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO, AFRICA

In Four Parts—Part II.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY MR. H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S.

LET ME BEGIN MY BRIEF OBSERVATIONS on the Natural History of the Kilima-njaro district by a description of the races of man which inhabit this part of East-Central Africa. They belong mainly to two different stocks: one, the Masai, a well-marked African group, allied distantly to the Galla races in physical appearance and possibly in language; the other, the agricultural people who form part of the great Bantu family which mainly composes the population of all Africa south of the Equator.

The Masai are a well-marked variety of African man, ranging like semi-nomads over the vast tract of plain country between one or two degrees north of the Equator and 5 deg. 30 min. south. They certainly had their origin northwards, and, in all probability, merge into the races inhabiting the great unknown tract lying between the Nile and Galla-Land. The Masai primarily admit of two great divisions, the Masai proper and the so-called Wa-Kwavi or El-Oigob. These two peoples, who are of the same stock and speak almost identically the same language, are nevertheless in perpetual conflict. The Wa-Kwavi, as they are always called by the Swahili traders, are Masai who have, through loss of cattle and other reasons, become settled agriculturists, and have adopted a peaceful and honest mode of living. The Masai proper still live a semi-nomad life, do not till the soil nor cultivate, keep huge herds of cattle and goats, and are bold and daring robbers. I call them semi-nomads because each tribe ranges generally over a given district within certain limits. They also live in their quickly-constructed towns during the rainy months. A Masai town or village consists of a huge circle of low mud huts, surrounded by a thorn fence. In the middle of this enclosure the cattle are kept at night. Their huts are generally built as follows: First making a rough framework of pliant boughs, which are bent over and stuck in the ground at both ends, they plaster on this a mixture of mud and ox-dung, and, for further resistance to heavy rain, hides are thrown over the top, outside. The height of the dwellings barely exceeds four feet. There is a low, porch-like door. The only attempt at furniture is a hide laid across a row of sticks to serve as a couch at night. The shape of the lowly dwelling is always, as far as I have seen, rectangular, in that differing from the beehive shape given to the houses of the Bantu tribes in this part of Africa.

The Masai youth at the age of fourteen enters the clan of El-Moran, or the unmarried fighting men. His dress is picturesque, but scanty, as may be seen by the drawing on the first page of this supplement. In ordinary times he will wear a leather cape about his shoulders, or over one shoulder, a narrow leather girdle round the waist, in which to stick his knife and wooden club, and leather sandals on his feet. His hair will be combed out into long frizzles, artificially lengthened with strips of bark, and stiffened with clay and fat.

The lobes of his ears are extraordinarily widened and distended, and through them is thrust a rounded plug of wood or ivory, or a ring of the same materials; or the lower part of the lobe may be hung with fine iron chains, or stretched with a curious wooden instrument like a cotton-reel. When going to war, however, these simple adornments above described are considerably added to. The leather cape is removed, and its place is taken—firstly by a long piece of cloth, sewn down the middle with a coloured stripe; and secondly, by a thick carapace made of kite's feathers, or, as in my sketch, by a cape made of the skins of the Colobus monkey. A cap of Colobus skin may also be worn on the head, or a striking head-dress made of ostrich feathers, and shaped roughly like an ellipse. The leather cape which ordinarily is worn round the shoulders will now be twisted round the waist like a belt, and in the folds of this are secured the knoberry and the *Seimé*, or sword. Sometimes a ring of goatskin, with the fur outside, or a strip of Colobus skin, will be worn round the ankles, and then, with a long-bladed spear and shield four feet high, the equipment of a Masai warrior is complete.

The hair is often dressed by the men in the way I have described—namely, drawn out into long locks, and stiffened with grease and

clay, but a pigtail is frequently worn, also, both over the forehead and at the back of the head. The women usually shave their heads, wholly or in part, and bestow little care on that part of their person.

On the other hand, they are much more extensively clothed than the men, being enwrapped generally from head to feet in ample garments of dressed leather. Their necks, wrists, and ankles are covered with massive coils of iron or copper wire, and beads are largely used to ornament the fringe of their clothing.

vultures and hyenas around their encampments are strangely tame, and strangers cause much offence by killing them.

Whenever the warrior Masai are on a journey they are positively accompanied by flights of vultures and a few marabout storks. Wherever they stop to slaughter cattle, these scavengers descend and feast on the offal till they are so gorged that you may see a Masai pushing them away with his foot. The hyenas that haunt the vicinity of their burial-places root up and devour the dead soon after their relatives have laid them in the soil, without in any way being checked or molested.

The Masai language is a very interesting one, bearing, in my opinion, signs of an approach to the Galla tongue, and as this is a member of the Hamitic group, and distantly connected with the Semitic tongues (Arabic, &c.), this offers a very curious problem in Africa for consideration—namely, whether the Semitic languages spring from an African source.

Masai has two genders, masculine and feminine, two numbers, expresses the plural principally by affixing "n" and more rarely "k" to the word, conjugates its verbs by prefixes and suffixes, and uses *pre*-positions and not *post*-positions. It is a very copious, beautiful, and simple language.

There is hope for the future of the Masai race. Its previous history has been that of most rising and invading populations, like the Huns and Turks and Goths of Europe. First, some tribe, or division of a tribe, has been forced into war in self-defence, and has won a victory over its assailants. Then it acquires a taste for fighting, and from being persecuted becomes the persecutor. It spreads its conquests and ravages far and wide, the fighting qualities descend from father to son in increasing intensity. Soon, however, there are no weaker peoples left to subdue or to harry. The land is a wilderness, cultivation has ceased. The fighting tribe suffers from hunger. Then a section of them turns to the soil and commences a rude agriculture. This pursuit in time prospers, and the improved condition of the agriculturist attracts the envy and greed of their nomadic brothers. A civil war ensues, which, no matter what vicissitudes may happen, ends in the triumph of the tillers of the soil, for to defend their crops and granaries they construct fortifications and walled towns. Then with the victory of the settled authorities comes an opening for commerce. The lives of traders are safer among a hardworking colony of agriculturists than amid lawless rovers and cut-throats. So, in time, civilisation finds an opening into what was once a *terra incognita* on account of the fierceness of its inhabitants. So it has been, and is, with the

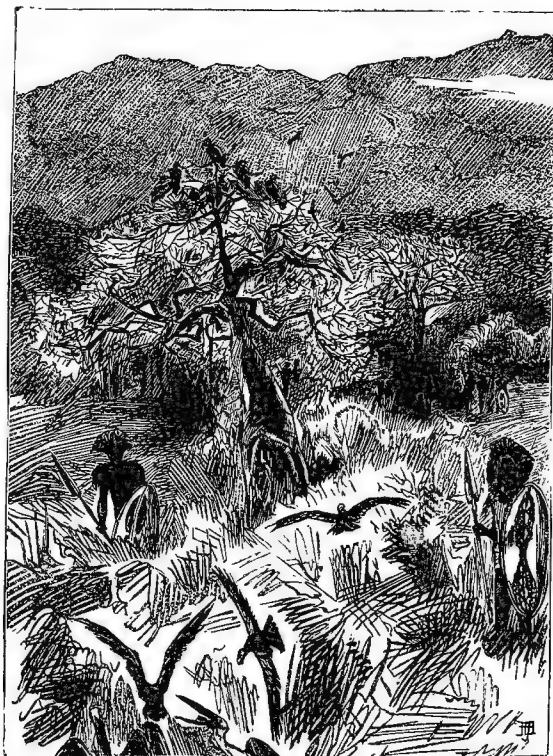


A MASAI WARRIOR

The Masai men rarely marry until they are over twenty-five, nor the women until twenty. But both sexes, "*avant de se ranger*," lead a very dissolute life before marriage. The married Masai is a changed being. From a bloodthirsty fiend he becomes a staid, courteous, and reasonable man, anxious to obtain and impart information, and as desirous of healing a breach and preventing bloodshed as before he loved to foment a quarrel and take part in a massacre. Whilst still an unmarried man and a warrior he abjures all vegetable food, and strictly confines himself to a diet of milk and meat. Moreover, he must not mix these two things, but, before changing from one to another, must take a powerful purgative, so that, for instance, if he has been living on milk, and wishes to eat meat or drink blood, he must thoroughly clear his system before changing from one to the other. But after marriage, when he is no longer looked upon as a fighting man, his diet is unrestricted. He now seeks to obtain vegetable food from the humble races of cultivators who dwell in the vicinity of his settlement, or eagerly purchases honey with tusks of ivory.

The Masai believe in a vague Supreme Being, whom they call "Engai," a word also meaning "the sky," or "rain." They often mention another and weaker spirit, whom they designate by a female appellation, "En-aiterkob," not necessarily implying that it is of that sex, but using the female article, "En," to denote inferiority or weakness. "En-aiterkob" seems to be a kind of earth spirit ("En-Kob," the Earth, the World) in contradistinction to Engai, who is the heavens, the sky.

The Masai keep large herds of cattle, goats, sheep, and donkeys, also a few dogs. Fowls they despise, and do not keep. The



MASAI CAMP

Masai. The last few decades a perceptible alteration in their conditions of life has begun to appear. That section of them known as the Wa-Kwavi has taken to a settled mode of life. No longer do they rove about seeking whom they may rob and slay, but they dwell

within fixed limits, cultivate the soil, and encourage traders to settle in their midst. In time these more civilised Masai will prevail in numbers and power over their still nomadic brethren, and thus Eastern Equatorial Africa will be opened up to profitable trade.

At the very worst, however, the Masai are neither so dangerous nor so bloodthirsty as the Soudanese Arabs or the fanatical Tuaregs of the Sahara. If you are content to pay their tribute, you need not fight, and if you are forced to defend yourself, these people are powerless in front of a stockade, as they have no guns, and never throw their spears, using them only in a hand-to-hand fight. Thank goodness, Mohammedanism has not yet reached them to turn them into mad fanatics or faithless cutthroats like their neighbours to the north and east.

Almost exclusively the Masai inhabit the plains round the Kilimanjaro district, while the uplands still retain the older population of the country. This consists of people belonging linguistically and racially to the great Bantu family, which occupies nearly all Africa south of the Equator. From a linguistic point of view the Bantu are absolutely homogeneous—there is no mistaking a Bantu tongue for a member of any other family. But ethnologically the distinction is much disputed. Some good authorities maintain that the Bantu races (Kaffirs, Congo, Swahili people, and the inhabitants of the great lakes) do not agree amongst themselves in any particular type, nor differ markedly from other negroes on the Nile or the West Coast. This is a subject that I cannot enter into here, but, at any rate, their languages all re-mount to a common origin.

The principal tribes in the district I am describing are the Wa-Taveita on the River Lumi, at the base of Kilimanjaro, the Wa-Chaga, who under many chieftains and political divisions inhabit the great mountain, the Wa-Gwéno and Wa-Kahe to the south, and the A-Kamba and Wa-Taïta to the North-East and East.

The people of Taveita (Wa-Taveita) are the pleasantest I have ever encountered in Africa. They are of fair height, some of the men being both tall and robust, and attaining occasionally six feet in height. Their figures are often models of symmetry and grace. They anoint the body with fat and ochre, as do the neighbouring people already described. They frequently let the beard and moustache grow, and generally abstain from plucking out eyelashes and eyebrows as is done elsewhere. Circumcision is general. Marriage is a mere matter of purchase, and no pretended capture of the bride is simulated here as in Chaga. Both sexes have little conception of decency, and whenever clothing is worn it is merely for adornment, or for warmth in the chilly mornings. They are affectionate and kindly in their family relations, and to give you a better glimpse of how they live and feel, I will cull the following extract from my diary, which describes the visit paid to a native's compound in Taveita:—

"Early this morning many friends came with offerings of milk, fowls, bananas, &c. One man wanted me to come and see him at his home, so I went thither with my servant. Round his little compound was a kind of fence formed of the long mid ribs of the Merale palm laid lengthways. There were three houses inside, one for the woman, one for the man, and one for the goats and sheep. The man's dwelling, though small, was far from uncomfortable, and the interior was remarkable for the neatness that characterises the domestic arrangements of most Africans. There was a raised dais for the bed, on which skins were laid; a little three-cornered stool to sit on; a fire burning in the centre of the floor; spears, knives, horns of animals, and many other articles ranged tidily



A CHAGA HOUSE

round the walls. At the man's earnest entreaty we partook of sour milk and sugar cane. He also wished us to try some rather dirty half-fried fish, but this not even all my adaptability and politeness would permit me to do. Whilst I sat talking to him his wife, a motherly-looking soul, appeared leading a small, rather unhealthy child; and was further followed by a genial old hag, my friend's mother. This latter was a merry, social old body, though

very monkey-like as she sat and chewed sugar cane, holding it before her with both hands and gnawing it laterally with her teeth, while the further end of the cane was clutched between her lean thighs. My host caught his child to him with unmistakable affection. He carefully pinched and pressed the great protruded stomach as if divining this to be an unhealthy symptom. Seeing he was anxious, and wishing to say something kind, I offered to send medicine, which in the Swahili tongue is 'Dawa.' But he only replied, 'Dawa? What do we know of dawa?!' Then he looked up to the sky in quite a simple way and said, 'Perhaps Muungu will cure him. Who knows?—the other one died!' 'Then you had another child?' I asked. 'Yes,' he said, 'but Muungu took it.' He looked again at his child, and seeing its eyes were flecked with mucus, he cleaned them with great sucking kisses. At length I rose and said in a round-about way I had better be going. He put the child from him with a sigh, and rose and followed me to my camp, carrying a present of bananas."

The people of Taveita subsist mainly on vegetable food, of which they rear a great variety in their beautiful gardens. They also eat fish and meat. The fish are caught in the River Luvi, which runs through the settlement, by means of skilfully-made wicker-work traps and weirs. They also construct from the mid ribs of a Raphia palm most clever rods and lines, the whole material coming from the palm, with a native-made iron hook superadded.

The Wa-Taveita proper number about two



MEN OF TAVEITA MAKING FIRE

thousand. They speak a very interesting dialect, which retains several archaic and interesting words. Much intercourse with traders from the coast has slightly robbed them of originality, and in their modes of life and forms of belief they somewhat ape the Wa-Swahili. Many of them are almost Mohammedans. I noticed one little detail about fire-making, which is worth recording. To produce fire, which is done in the common African way by rapidly drilling a hard-pointed stick into a small hole in a flat piece of wood, is the exclusive privilege of the men, and the secret is handed down from father to son, and never, under any circumstance—so they say—revealed to women. I asked one man why that was. "Oh," he said, "if women knew how to make fire they would become our masters." Nevertheless, without this drawback, the fair sex in Taveita have pretty much their own way. I have known one or two leading matrons, who always insisted on have their voice in the deliberations of the Wazēē or Elders, who govern Taveita.

The Wa-Chaga of Kilimanjaro do not wholly resemble the people of Taveita either in appearance or disposition. They are neither so pleasing to look at, nor so pleasant to deal with. Sometimes they attain a fine stature, as in the case of Mandara, chief of Moshi, but generally they are short and sturdy. The women, however, are at times good-looking, and have very well-proportioned figures. The marriage ceremony (after the purchase-money has been paid) consists in the husband carrying off his wife pig-a-back, while the relatives and friends pursue with shrieks of laughter, affecting to try and rescue the screaming girl, but of course all this is simulated, and a survival of far-past customs, for nowadays a man only gets his wife when he has settled the bargain with his father-in-law.

The Wa-Chaga, like the Wataveita, live much as Adam and Eve did in the Garden of Eden, and think it no shame to walk about without one scrap of clothing. Indeed, when cold and love of

finery impels them to wear some cloak of skin or strip of cloth, it is confined to the shoulders and neck.

The Wa-Chaga are clever smiths, and forge all kinds of utensils, weapons, and ornaments from the pig-iron they receive from the country of Usanga, near Lake Jipé. The forge is but a pair of goat skin bellows, converging into a hollow cone of wood, to which is added two more segments of stone, pierced through the centre, and ending in a stone nozzle, which is thrust into the furnace of charcoal. The bellows are kept steady by several pegs thrust into the ground, and a huge stone is often placed on the pipe to keep it firm. After the iron has been heated white hot in the charcoal, it is taken out by the iron pincers and beaten on a stone anvil. The Chaga smiths make not only spear-blades and knives of apparently tempered steel, but they can fabricate the finest and most delicate chains. But of a rhinoceros horn they will make a beautifully turned and polished club, carved by hand, for they have no turning lathe. Pottery is almost unknown. Basket-work is carried to great perfection, and they can plait it so tightly that milk may be held in these utensils of woven grass or banana fibre. The wooden platters that are in use show no little skill in shaping, as they are cut out of solid blocks of wood, and not joined in any way.

But it is in their husbandry that the Wa-Chaga mostly excel. The wonderful skill with which they irrigate their terraced hill-sides

by tiny runnels of water diverted from the main stream shows a considerable advancement in agriculture. Their time is constantly spent in tilling the soil, manuring it with ashes, raking it, and hoeing it with wooden hoes. All their agricultural implements, except choppers, adzes, and sickles, are of wood—wooden hoes, wooden stakes, and so on. They have a very clever mode of irrigating equally a given surface. As the little canals of water are always elevated above the cultivated plots, they will tap the stream at a convenient spot above the bed to be watered, and then turn the flow into a rough conduit made of the hollow stems of bananas cut in half, the end of each stem overlapping the next. Then as the water enters the last joint it is freely turned right and left, dispensing the vivifying stream in all directions.

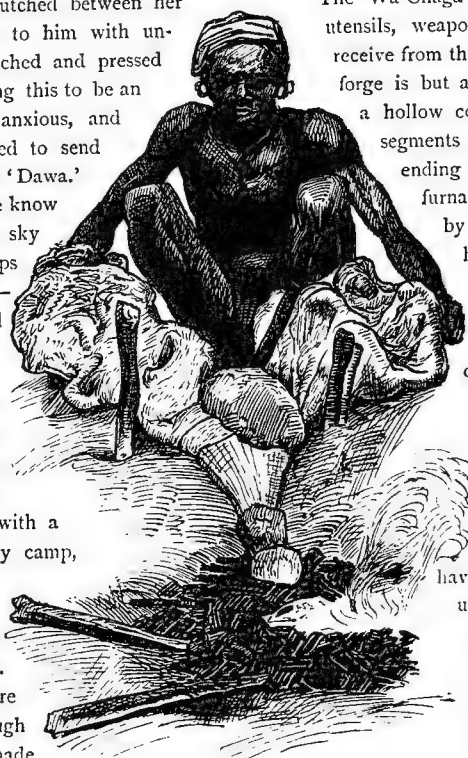
Among the plants grown for food are maize, sweet potatoes, yams, arums, beans, peas, red millet, and the banana. Tobacco is also largely cultivated, and the natives chew it, and also consume it as snuff, mixed with salt. Honey is produced in immense quantities by the semi-wild bees which make their hives in the wooden cases put up by the natives among the forest trees. A large barrel full may be bought for two yards of cloth.

The Wa-Chaga inhabit the western, southern, and eastern slopes of Kilimanjaro. The northern side of the mountain is without any other inhabitants than roving bands of Masai. The principal Chaga states, beginning on the west, are Shira, Kibong'oto, Machame, Uru, Kibôso, Mpokomo, Moshi, Kirua, Kiléma, Marang'u, Mamba, Mwika, Rombo, Useri, and Kimangéla. Although these little states are perpetually quarrelling among themselves, they are nevertheless closely united by ties of blood, and possess a common language. The inhabitants of Méru, Kahé, and Ugweno speak dialects so closely allied to Ki-Chaga, and resemble the people of Kilima-njaro so closely, that they do not need any further description.

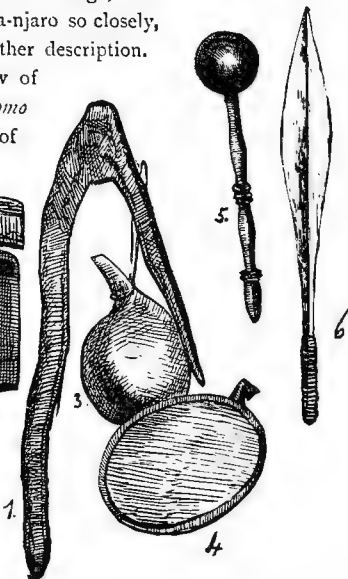
Leaving this hasty review of the varieties of the genus *Homo* to be encountered in this part of Africa, I will now descend lower in the scale, and rapidly point out the most striking forms presented in the animals and plants.

To begin with our near kinsfolk, the monkeys. I found these creatures much more abundantly present in East Central Africa than during my journeys on the West Coast. Although Western Africa is probably better provided with species of quadrupeds than any other division of the continent, the monkeys are much scarcer in numbers and harder to see, possibly owing to the greater density of the forests.

During eight months on the Congo I only saw monkeys twice in a wild state, and that in one place only; and throughout my entire



A CHAGA FORGE



1. Wooden Hoe.—2. Leather Honey Case.—3. Gourd.—4. Wooden Tray or Dish.—5. Club Made from Rhinoceros Horn.—6. Knife.

CHAGA UTENSILS

stay of sixteen months in West Africa I can only remember six occasions on which I actually beheld these animals in a state of nature. On the other hand, I had scarcely left the East Coast to journey towards Kilima-njaro than monkeys showed themselves abundantly in the wilds.

The first to attract my attention were the baboons, probably the species known as the yellow baboon. They were generally found on the outskirts of native plantations, where they almost subsisted on the maize and other food-stuffs stolen from the gardens of their more highly-developed fellow-primates. In the inhabited region of Kilima-njaro, generally known as the country of Chaga, baboons were strangely abundant. They were generally in flocks of fourteen to twenty, of all ages, and both sexes. They were so little molested by the natives that they showed small fear of man, and, instead of running away, would often stop to look at me about twenty yards off, and the old males would show their teeth and grunt. I have frequently seen the natives driving them from the plantations, as they might a troop of naughty boys, and the baboons retreating with swollen cheek-pouches, often dragging after them a portion of the spoil. On one occasion, in a river-bed at the foot of Kilima-njaro, my Indian servant, ordinarily a very plucky boy, met a troop of baboons, who, instead of fleeing up into the trees, came running towards him in a very menacing manner, and he was so frightened at their aspect that he took to his heels. The baboons followed, and, but that the boy forded the shallow stream, and put the water between him and his pursuers, he might have had an awkward contest. I killed a baboon once in Chaga, one of a troop who were rifling a maize plantation, and its companions, instead of running away, surrounded the corpse and snarled at me. As I had fired off both barrels of my gun, and had no more ammunition, I went back to my settlement to fetch some of my followers, and upon the approach of several men the baboons ran off. We picked up the dead one and carried it back. It was a female, and apparently young and tender. Out of curiosity I had its flesh cooked the next day and ate it, hoping in this lawful way to form some idea of the practice of cannibalism; I can only say that the succulence and quality of this creature's flesh were quite unexceptionable. I have noticed this with most of the species of Old-World monkey I have as yet tasted. During my four months' stay in Mandara's country I ate the common *Cercopithecus pygerythrus* constantly, and found it made a very toothsome stew. The most remarkable monkey in all this region is probably the Colobus, which apparently offers a new variety or sub-species in the country round Kilima-njaro, remarkable for having an entirely white heavily-plumed tail. The common species, with a black tail tipped with white, I have shot in the forested plains near the coast. The Colobus monkey is almost the only one that quite avoids the neighbourhood of man; the others generally frequent the vicinity of native plantations, and doubtless profit by the abundance of cultivated food. I never observed any Galago (a lemuroid animal) in this district, nor do the natives speak of one, although it is a genus well represented in other parts of Africa.

Bats are by no means common or often seen. I saw some fruit-bats once in the forest hanging to a sycamore fig-tree. No member of the group of Insectivora came under my notice. The Carnivora in this country of big game are, of course, well represented. The lion is very abundant and very bold; but the leopard is more feared by the natives than his larger ally. While stopping in Mandara's country, two of that chief's subjects were killed by leopards, one of them close to the frequented village-green. The leopard ascends the mountain up to about 8,000 ft., scarcely higher. I shot one of these creatures in the valley of a stream in broad daylight. I think it had been sleeping by the water, and was suddenly awakened by my near approach, and too dazed to fly immediately. The most

common dog is the side-striped jackal. There is a wild dog found on Kilima-njaro which barks loudly. It is quite nocturnal, and I have never been able to shoot it; but from its appearance in bright moonlight it looks somewhat like the Abyssinian dog. The natives know it by a different name than that applied to the jackal.

Hyenas are very common, and both species, striped and spotted, are present; but the striped hyena more affects the hills, while the spotted kind inhabits the plains. The spotted hyena is a much more predatory animal here than one generally imagines. Not only does it steal sheep and calves from the herds, but it even carries off children, and will often attack wounded or weakly men. I once sent a sick man back to the coast a short distance by himself, and he was severely bitten at night by the hyenas. He succeeded, however, in beating them off, and recovered from his wounds.

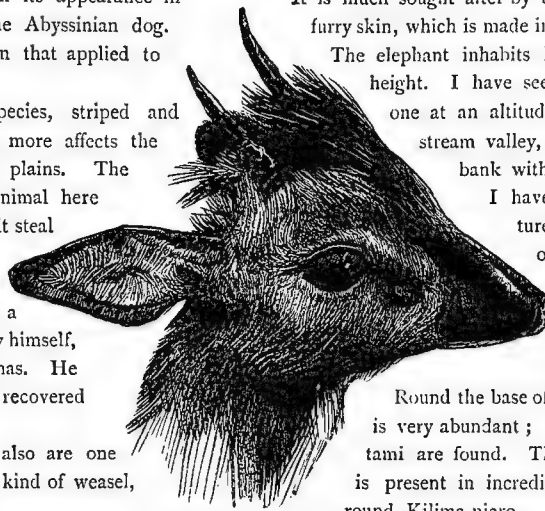
Civets and genets are very common; so also are one or two species of ichneumon. I noticed no kind of weasel, ratel, or badger.

The orycteropus, or Cape ant-bear, is common on the plains, to judge by his many huge burrows; but I have never seen him, and only identify him from natives' descriptions.

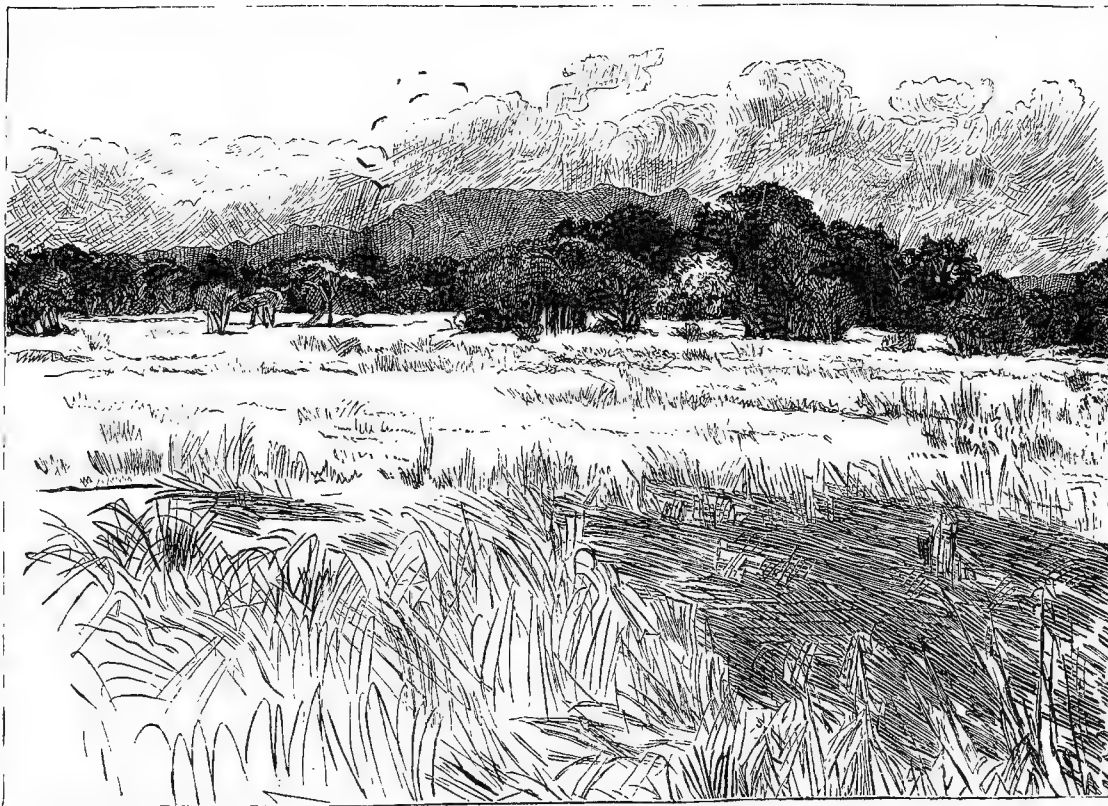
Kilima-njaro (*H. Brucei*) between 7,000 and 11,000 feet. It lives entirely in the trees, which it climbs with the facility of a squirrel. It is much sought after by the Wa-Chaga for its warm, furry skin, which is made into cloaks.

The elephant inhabits Kilima-njaro up to a great height. I have seen two females and a young one at an altitude of 15,000 feet, crossing a stream valley, and mounting the opposite bank with the agility of goats. As I have also met with this creature in the Chella Mountains of Angola, where he climbs to 8,000 feet, in fact, as high as he can go, I am convinced he can easily adapt himself to a mountain life.

Round the base of Kilima-njaro the rhinoceros is very abundant; and in Lake Jipé hippopotami are found. The zebra (*Equus Chapmani*) is present in incredible quantities in the plains round Kilima-njaro. In fact, the vast herds of varied game which pasture on the level country between the snow mountains and the coast remind one of the tales of Gordon Cumming.



NEOTRAGUS KIRKII



THE GAME COUNTRY

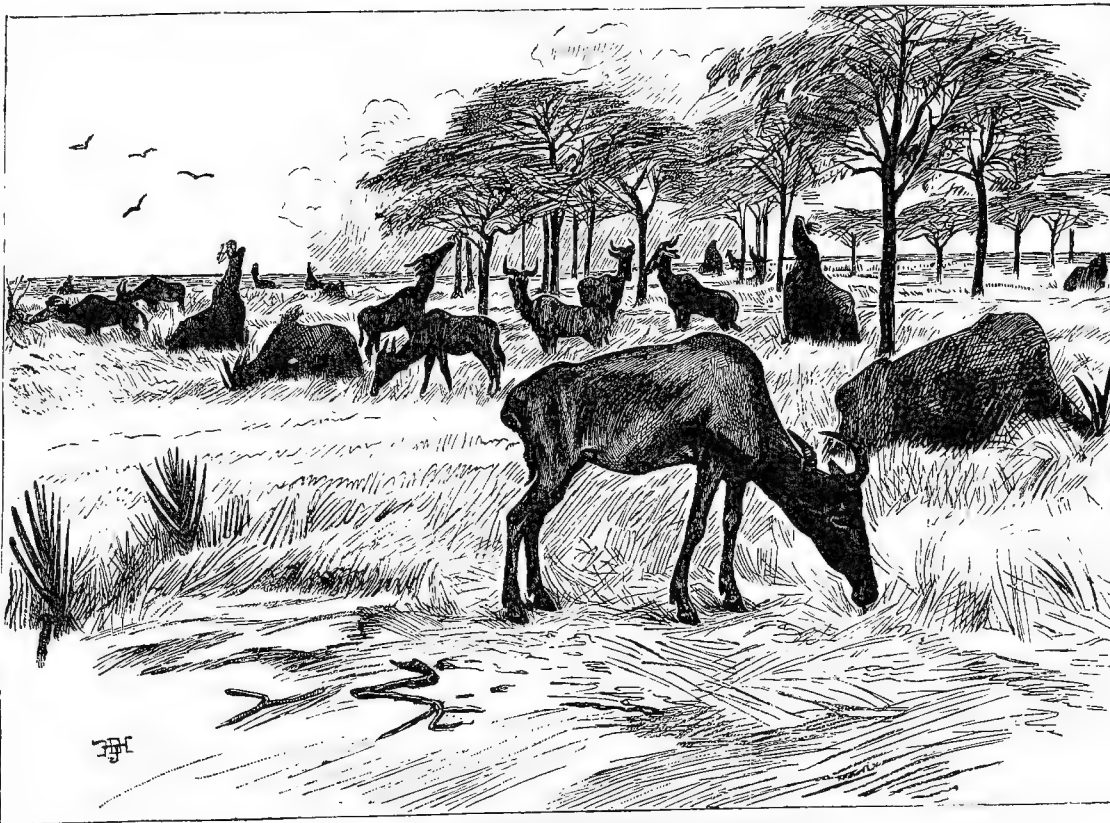
Among the *Rodentia* there were few that came under my notice. A species of *Graphiurus* (probably *G. capensis*) is found in the

sometimes to know which is hartebeest and ant-hill; for the long grass hiding the antelope's legs leaves merely a red humped mass which, until it moves, may well be a mound of red earth. The unconscious mimicry is rendered the more ludicrously exact sometimes by the sharply-pointed flag-like leaves of a kind of lily which frequently crown the summit of the ant-hill or grow at its base, thus suggesting the horns of an antelope, either with the head erect, or browsing low down.

Among the passerine birds of Kilima-njaro I have brought back six that are new to science. Three of these are sun-birds, one is a flycatcher, and the remaining two are chats. The sun-birds are found very high up the mountain, in that resembling the humming-birds which frequent the Andes near to the snow-line. They hover round the long tubular flowers of certain labiate plants, and on being captured it will be noticed that the feathers of the brow are thickly covered with pollen, so that in these regions sun-birds share with insects the means of fertilising flowers.

The bird mentioned in the preceding Supplement as being found at a height of 14,000 feet, the highest dweller, except the occasional passing ravens or kites, is *Pinarochroa hypopodia*, a kind of stone-chat.

Other passerine birds of note are a lovely oriole (*Oriolus notatus*), which frequents the forests of the lower slopes, and the great white-



THE RED HARTEBEEST—ANTELOPES AND ANT-HILLS

forests of Kilima-njaro. The porcupine is fairly common, and a small black rat infests the natives' houses. A hyrax is found no

necked raven, alluded to and illustrated in the preceding Supplement.

The great crested hornbill (*Buceros cristatus*) is generally distributed over the mountain up to 6,000 feet, especially near habitations. They show no fear of man, being generally protected by the natives, who look upon them with superstitious awe, arising possibly from their being useful scavengers, as well as from their peculiar loud cry, which resembles at times that of the wailing of a woman in distress, at others that of the braying of an ass. In August and September they are generally breeding, and occasionally the head of the female may be seen peering out from a hole in a tree, some thirty or forty feet high, where she has been plastered in by her affectionate husband. By the chips lying about it would appear that these holes are excavated by the birds to the required size. They are monogamous, and show great affection for each other, which is fortunate, as the female during incubation has entirely to rely on her mate for daily sustenance. I shot a fine male hornbill once, at Taveita, and he fell to the ground mortally wounded. His dying struggles were quite touching to behold, and I felt almost criminal in having caused his death. His breath came and went in great gasps, and his snowy stomach was streaked with red blood. His large eye with long lashes gazed at me with calm wonder and vague reproach, as if to say, "What ill have I done that you should kill me?" He disdained to snap at the stick with which I gently poked his opened beak, and still kept his eye fixed on me, regarding my impertinent investigations of his person as unnecessary insults. So he lay during some minutes, with long shuddering breathings raising and lowering the feathers of his breast and back. Then another hornbill, evidently his mate, came and perched on the bough of a neighbouring tree and uttered a low cry. The dying bird started up to life again, raised his head high, flapped his wide-spread, glossy wings, dragged himself painfully along the ground, and gave vent to one sonorous bellow; then his great head dropped on one side, and his wide open eye glazed with an expression of eager hope hardened in it even in death.

A beautiful turaco inhabits the forests in Kilima-njaro. It is bluish-green and purple, with a white-lined crest and scarlet skin round the eyes. Its wings, like most other turacos, have intense crimson pinions, and therefore it is a gorgeous object as it flaps its loose flight through the forest aisles.

There are many other interesting birds to be found on and in the neighbourhood of Kilima-njaro, but, as this is not a special article on ornithology, I fear I should weary you with their enumeration.

Among reptiles, crocodiles are found in Lake Jipé and in the River Ruva. Large Varanus lizards are frequently found in the forests of Taveita. They share the water and the trees as their habitat, generally plunging into the stream when frightened or disturbed. They seem to me to feed largely on fish, and no doubt often capture and eat small squirrels and birds. When extended full length along a tree trunk, immobile, and exactly matching the colour of the bark with their grey-green mottled skin, these creatures are very hard to distinguish from their surroundings, and doubtless often in consequence deceive the sharp eyes even of a squirrel. From what I know of these creatures, and from what the natives tell me, they use their long, heavy, whip-like tail as a powerful weapon. When driven into a corner they will slash right and left, and if the tail strikes your shins they will certainly be barked. A blow with the tail will kill a dog, and I believe many an unwary bird, squirrel, and possibly small monkey, is flicked from a tree overhanging the stream into the water, and plunged after by the agile lizard. The teeth of this creature are weak and blunt, and only sufficient for mastication.

Chameleons are not only very common on Kilima-njaro, but are found up to an altitude of 13,000 feet. The natives regard them as venomous and hurtful, and scream with fear if one is pushed near them. They regarded me as a sorcerer when I handled these creatures with impunity. Of course the poor little chameleons, like the "effets" that our nurses always warned us against, are entirely innocuous, and make, moreover, interesting pets, being a great source of amusement with their goblinish ways and strange appearance. Frogs are found in the ice-cold streams as high up as 13,000 feet. Tree frogs of many kinds haunt the forest, and chirp perseveringly.

Fish are nowhere found in the rivers of Kilima-njaro, save in the River Lumi, which flows into Lake Jipé. I give a drawing of the only kind caught in the Lumi, which is the river of Taveita. In Lake Jipé a silurus is very common, and there are many other kinds of fish also present, but the shores of the Lake are deserted, nobody fishes there, and the fish would not rise to ordinary bait; therefore as my time at Jipé was short, and my health bad, I had no opportunity of investigating its piscine forms. Fresh water crabs of the genus *Thelphusa* (*T. depressa*, var. *Johnstoni*) are present in most of the mountain streams. They appear to be most closely related to the river crabs of Natal and South Africa.

Throughout this region butterflies are few and scarce. They do not penetrate much higher than 8,000 or 9,000 feet. The common Clouded Yellow is often seen on Kilima-njaro.

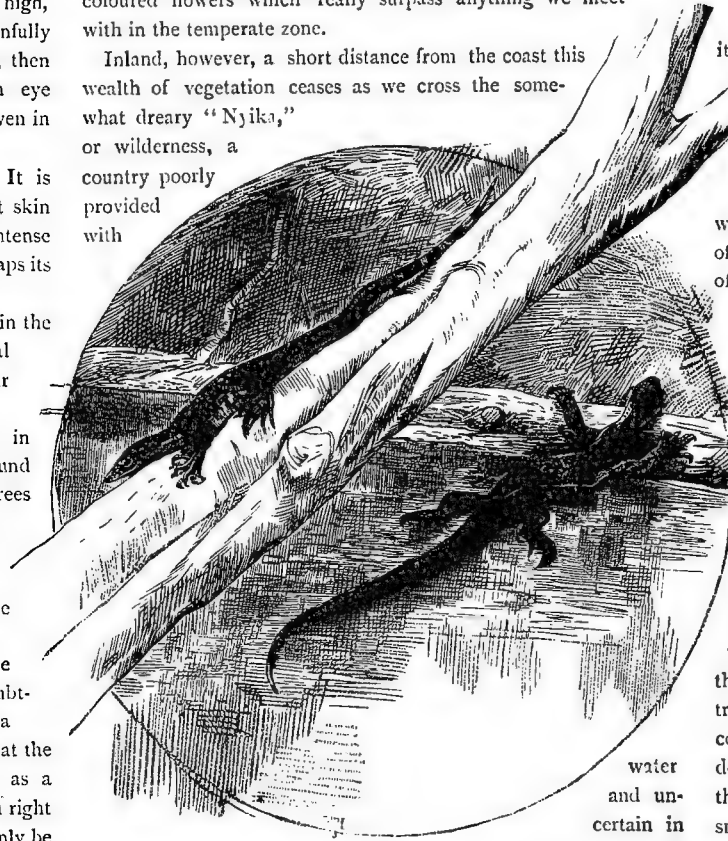
Bees and wasps penetrate to a height of 14,000 feet. Most of the beetles are allied to, or identical with, South-east African forms. One new species has no allies nearer than India. Others are

related to Abyssinian species, and some to the beetles of Somaliland.

The flora of Kilima-njaro is naturally interesting, as may be imagined from the extraordinary range of climate between the eternal snows of the summits and the hot tropical plains at the base. The vegetation on the coast is fairly rich and luxuriant, and typical of the Tropics. There are fine forest trees—mimosas, figs, baobabs, bombax, calophyllum, and others, while the mango has been introduced from

India, and become wild. The pandanus grows in marshy places; cycads are occasionally seen, and among palms the coco-nut, the borassus, the *Hyphane thebaica* (branching palm), several kinds of *Raphia*, *Elaeis*, and wild date. At the commencement and close of the rainy season the ground is covered with vividly-coloured wild flowers. Blue clitorneas, blue commelynas, crimson, white, yellow, purple, and pink hibiscuses, lovely epiphytic orchids, white, spotted, and green, and ground orchids of the genus *Lissochilus*—crimson mauve and sulphur yellow. Altogether, as I have often declared, tropical Africa differs apparently from the other parts of the Tropics in displaying splendid shows of brightly-coloured flowers which really surpass anything we meet with in the temperate zone.

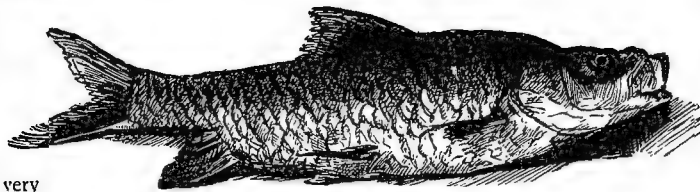
Inland, however, a short distance from the coast this wealth of vegetation ceases as we cross the somewhat dreary "Nyika," or wilderness, a country poorly provided with



VARANUS LIZARDS

beneficent influence of the giant mountains makes itself felt in moisture-laden breezes and dew-dropping mists, then Flora revives, and puts forth all her strength. In such places like Taveita the wealth of vegetation and the grandeur of the forest trees is inspiring. You feel carried back from our age of mean devolment to some past epoch, when vegetable life was on a scale with the strange, huge animal forms which mark the lusty earth's creative prime.

The lower slopes of Kilima-njaro are exquisitely green, and scarcely a patch of earth remains uncovered, but the general aspect



A FISH FROM THE RIVER LUMI

of vegetation recalls our English Devonshire and not the Tropics. Bushy trees crown the hill-tops, or choke the narrow valleys. The grassy downs are covered with patches of bracken and scented with a low-growing mint. The native lanes are bordered with brambles and magnificent ferns, some of which belong to common European genera. There are besides other things more properly African which do not mind the colder climate of the uplands, such as dracenas, aloes, strychnias, balsams, and ground-orchids. In some of the stream valleys the *Ensete*, a wild banana, grows luxuriantly. At a height of 7,000 to 8,000 feet tree-ferns may be met with. Then above that the arborescent heaths begin to appear, and the orchilla lichen covers nearly all the forest with a

grey green veil. Between 8,000 and 9,000 feet the giant Senecios are met with (a new species, illustrated in the last supplement), and continue upwards till near the borders of the snow. Gorgeous crimson gladioli, pale pink and mauve and cerulean blue irises, grow to great altitudes, indeed, some of the flowers of the grassy uplands between 10,000 and 14,000 feet are particularly brilliant in colour. There are vivid blue cynoglossums, the blush-pink everlastings, the yellow euryops, the strange straw-coloured proteas, with red bracts and red leaf shoots, the small-coloured lobelias (*L. Deckenii*), and many others which it would be tedious to catalogue.

Ferns cease to be found at a greater altitude than 13,000 odd feet. The giant heaths above that altitude give place to smaller species, the vegetation generally becomes more and more stunted, and therefore the strange senecios look

the stranger from their towering in solitary grandeur above the lowly herbs. But after an altitude of 14,000 feet is passed they also disappear, then one is left with a few artemisias (southern-wood), heaths, and everlasting flowers, until at length they too disappear, and then there remains a little red and greenish lichen, expanses of yellow sand, lead-coloured rocks, black boulders, and snow.

Taking into consideration the fact that the region of Kilima-njaro is volcanic, and therefore probably geologically modern, it must be evident that the main features of its vegetation are of no great antiquity. It is therefore an interesting problem as to which of the two floras—the South African or the Abyssinian—was the first to reach the chilly regions round its snow-clad peaks. It is also as yet an undecided question as to which flora is the advancing one; whether the Cape forms are slowly penetrating northward, some of them reaching Abyssinia, some of them arrested on the heights of Kilima-njaro, and marking a return flow of the vegetation (and possibly of the fauna also) of Southern Africa, or whether the great invasion of Northern forms which have so largely contributed in later epochs to the modern fauna and flora of Tropical Africa is still going on. Whilst Cape genera and species of plants penetrate to Abyssinia, Abyssinian forms have reached the Zambesi highlands and the Drakensberg Mountains.

The flora of the higher regions of Kilima-njaro is almost equally divided in its affinities between Abyssinia and Cape Colony. There are besides, in the collections I have brought back, two new genera offering no near allies; types of other genera only known hitherto in Arabia or India; and some new species of East African genera that have apparently modified themselves for life at high altitudes. It is interesting to note that while some of the species whose generic home is in the hot tropical plains have strayed up the great mountain and got used to the cold, so others, which come from temperate regions, have ventured down the mountain and got used to the heat. A curious instance of this is *Artemisia afra*, which I have found at 14,000 feet near the snow, and at 3,000 feet, in close proximity to the hot plains. If plants of temperate or cold climates could occasionally stray so far as this from the regions and the temperature they most affect it would materially aid in their distribution, for the seeds of the *Artemisia* (this plant will be familiar to my non-scientific readers as "southern-wood," or "old man") might easily be borne from the jungle at the base of Kilima-njaro to the precincts of Mount Meru, some thirty miles distant, and find on the chilly slopes of that mountain another congenial home and starting-place for a further colonisation of unknown peaks beyond. Thus, taking into consideration the fact that more or less high ground connects the mountains of the Kilima-njaro district with the Cape Colony in the south and the Cameroons in the west, it is possible to account for the presence of many hardy genera belonging to temperate zones on the heights of tropical Africa without always evoking a glacial epoch to account for them.

In 1855, or thereabouts, the American poet, Bayard Taylor, heard of the discovery of Kilima-njaro by the German Missionary, Rebmann. The mere announcement of the fact (for no detailed description was given by the discoverer) that a snow-crested mountain existed in Equatorial Africa, fired the poet's imagination, and he addressed a sonnet of welcome to the highest of African peaks.

Much that he sings is beautiful, but botanically incorrect; nevertheless he has with true inspiration touched on the wonderful range of climates that the slopes of Kilima-njaro must exhibit, and it seems to me that I cannot more fitly close this series of descriptive papers than by a quotation from the only poem that has been written on this mountain, where

Zone above zone
The climates of Earth are displayed as an index,
Giving the scope of the Book of Creation,
There in the gorges that widen, descending,
From cloud and from cloud into summer eternal,
Gather the threads of the ice-generated fountains,
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
And, giving each shelvy recess where they dally
The blooms of the north and its ever-green turfage,
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!

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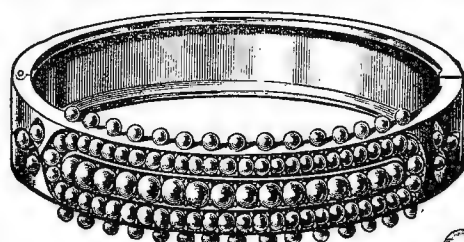
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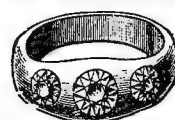


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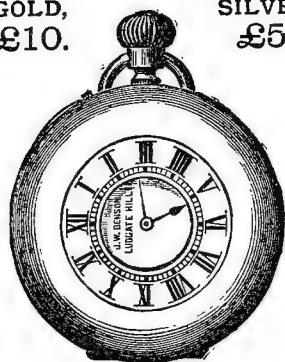
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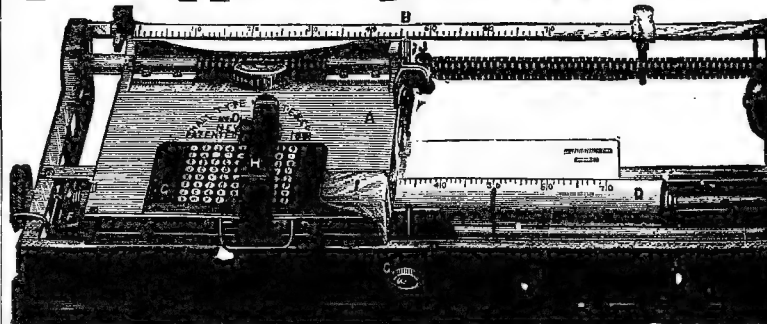
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CHAPTER I. (Continued)

"SINCE I know the grounds to be yours, sir," the old man responded as he arose with a satiric bow and a smile, "I shall leave them with infinite pleasure. Before I go, permit me, for my own sake, to explain how I came here. I found one of your betters in trouble—a poor young dog who had lost himself—and I brought him home. I did not know to whom I was bringing him, but he at least is welcome to my small services."

"Leave my grounds, sir," said the other. "I don't care to have a fellow like you on my land."

"That is natural," returned the old man. "Wolf and sheep dog were never good friends."

"Do you bandy words with me, sir?" cried the Englishman, ruffling at him. "You confounded old anarchist and regicide!"

"Ah!" said the elder, smilingly, "you object to my politics. I had thought we had another ground of quarrel."

There was something in this retort, or in the old man's smile, which brought the Englishman's temper to boiling point.

"Leave my ground!" he stormed, and advanced with a flourish of his riding-whip.

"Pardon me," returned the elder, smiling still. "There are some of the pleasantest things in the world which are impossible for us. It would please me greatly to leave your land and you, but

whilst you adopt that tone I am compelled to remain in society which is not agreeable to me. Will it please you, sir, to allow me to go in peace, and with so much of courtesy as your temper can command? I will give you a little time to cool. When I found your lost dog, and learned that he came from the Chateau at Houfouy, I brought him here; and I said to myself by the way, 'I am more lost than the dog, and who comes to guide me?' Yet you see the dog I guided was my guide. I have found you again, and I shall be able to watch over you for a little while."

"If you were twenty years younger—" began the Englishman; but the other interrupted him with suave satire.

"My youth would protect me? It is like enough."

"Now," said the Englishman, making a prodigious effort to control himself, "I am not going to chop logic with you, Mr. Dobroski, but I order you from my grounds. If you were twenty years younger, I would flog you out of 'em. But I can't lay hands on a man who's old enough to be my father, and a madman into the bargain."

"My good Major Butler," said the old man, "I have told you already that I am willing to go—I am even anxious to go—but I will not go so long as you are abusive, or so long as you make this braggadocio pretence of chasing me. Reflect, my good sir, reflect! Why should you take the trouble to ruffle yourself at me? It will

be easier and safer to lie about it afterwards. You can say you frightened me. That will serve your turn, surely."

At this the florid Englishman became apoplectic to look at; and, being really tied by a regard for the other's years, and not being able to find a word in which to express his wrath and hatred, he stammered and trembled with rage, whilst the old Nihilist regarded him with a smile of contempt so mocking and exasperating that he grew well nigh beside himself. It is not unlikely that he would have used the switch that shook in his clenched hand, but in the nick of time came a peacemaker.

"What right have you to say any such things to my uncle, Mr. Dobroski? How dare you say such things?"

The words were not words of peace, but the voice, the face, and the gesture all pleaded. The new comer was a girl of eighteen or thereabouts, who had stolen noiselessly through the pine wood to the scene of quarrel, and now set herself between these two declared enemies, and looked with reproachful affection from one to the other. She was dressed in white, and wore the unpicturesque straw hat the peasantry of the Ardennes use in summer, but had somehow modelled it into a charming shape, and had bound about it a handkerchief of silk of many rich colours. She was lithe, and slender, and pale, with sensitive lips, grey eyes of much depth and sensibility, and a wealth of crispy hair, which rippled low on a broad forehead in little waves of alternately bright and dark bronze.

Dobroski clawed at his felt hat with one gaunt, brown hand, and, standing bareheaded before her, extended the other.

"Ah! little sweetheart!" he said, his whole face lighting and sparkling.

"How can I?" she asked him reproachfully, glancing at the proffered hand, and then looking into his eyes. "Why will you persist in thinking such odious things of my uncle? Why must we always be at war?"

"Dear little one," he answered rapidly in Italian, "there is no war between thee and me."

"Yes," she returned in English, "there is war between you and me whilst you behave so badly to my uncle. How can we be friendly whilst you use him so ill, and think such base things of him?"

"I am glad you came, Angela," said her uncle. "I'm not afraid of your listening to any lies he may tell about me. You won't believe him, and I can despise him. But I want you definitely to understand, my dear, that it pains me to see you on terms of friendship with a man like that. The more you see of him, the more you are likely to find him out, however, and I'll leave you together. To me the scoundrel's such rank poison that I can't bear to breathe the same air with him!"

Having somewhat relieved himself by this candid statement, he turned away, and walked down the avenue. The old man looked after him with a satiric smile, nodding, as if in answer to his own thoughts.

"Not a word of that," said the girl, laying her hand upon his arm. "Why are you here? Why do you come to make my position between you so much more difficult? It is hard enough to love you both as I desire to do, at any time, when you say and think such dreadful things of each other, but when you are together in open quarrel what can I do?"

"I came here by purest accident," he said. "I have been living near at hand here at Janenne all the winter, but I have been in England and in Switzerland of late, and I did not know that you were here. I found a dog of your uncle's who was lost near Janenne. I learned that he belonged to a gentleman who was English, and had taken the Chateau at Houfroy, and I led him here. That is all. But you? You are well? That I can see. Your eyes and your cheeks speak for you. Too little colour, sweetheart, but health is there. Yes, health is there. That is a glad thing—a good thing. Give me your hands. Both hands. Ah, little sweetheart, there is none else left to love in the world. None."

He stooped and kissed her hands.

"Why are you both so intractable?" she asked. "Why can you not at least consent to meet without quarrelling?"

"You are not afraid to stay with me a little while?" he asked in answer.

"No, no," she responded, almost eagerly. "Are you going towards Janenne? I will walk a part of the way with you. Not along the high road." This was in answer to a movement he had made in order to leave her way to the gate unobstructed. "There is a shaded path by the side of the river."

She ran lightly up the sloping bank of turf, and then turned to tender him her hand. He mounted after her without aid, and she led the way through the scented shadowy pinewood. In a little while they broke from this shelter and came upon a lane, and there the girl took her place beside the old man, and rested her hand upon his arm.

"Your hopes?" she said, looking up at him.

"My despairs," he answered, gloomily. "There is no patriotism left. They lack gall to make oppression bitter."

"They are contented," said the girl.

"Yes. They eat and drink and sleep and marry and trade." He spoke like a man who is utterly weary.

"But surely it is well that they should be contented. We have a proverb you know, Mr. Dobroski, which says that you must endure what you cannot cure. If Poland cannot rise she must lie down."

"We must all endure the incurable. Yes. But in what manner? You may chain a man in a hog pen, and he may endure it like a hog, or like a hero. He must endure, but he has choice of his own fashion."

"I am only a girl," said Angela, in a little time, "and I cannot pretend to know much of these things, but I think that human nature is against your plans. You ask all men to be heroes, and heroes are so rare. Then—you have told me what happened before, and I have read a good deal—there are the lives that would be lost, that must be lost, even if the Cause were won."

"There is no price too high to pay for Liberty," he answered. "Tyranny itself is one of the things the world suffers for pure Liberty's sake, and it must needs be, because without its darkness there could be no dawn. God works terribly, my dear, and yet in the end all things are well. Earthquakes and wild windings of a world, and then these smiling hills, clothed with forest and field, and embroidered with rivulets. Do you think the great old dragon of the slime would have voted for the earthquake that buried him, or would have cared to think of the fat fields that should laugh with gladness over his burial-place? Or the foul things that dwelt with the dragon and were eaten by him? Ah! you asked me of my Hopes just now, and I corrected you with my Despairs, but I was wrong. The works of God preach hope and not despair. And even if one poor old man despairs, what of that? One flake of rust drops away from the harrow of God's wrath, which breaks the world to make way for His blessing. Well—but the harrow goes on, and the blessing will come in its day."

"The day will come," said the girl. "The day will surely come when there will be an end of tyranny and oppression. But see what good signs there are already. Things go on quietly from good to better, slowly and peacefully. Amongst us, for instance, the highest and driest Tory stands as far advanced as the Radical of fifty years ago. And everything has been done peacefully."

"Since one King lost his head, and another ran away to keep his on his shoulders, things have gone pretty quietly in England. What is your peace at home? In as far as it is real it is the growth of old anarchy. Where it is false new anarchy will shake it down, and men will build the new house of the ruins of the old."

"I do not think we shall have more anarchy in England," said Angela.

"There will be no anarchy anywhere," the old man answered, "unless for good. Where peace is good there peace shall reign. It is a comfort, Angela, to be sure that no misguiding can take us finally wrong. There are but a few handfuls of us scattered up and down in the world, and the world laughs at us for fanatics, or hates us for criminals. If we are either the one or the other, we cannot escape the hand that guides and controls. The harm we do is permitted, and for good ends. And if we are right we shall triumph."

"But there is something of fatalism in all that, Mr. Dobroski," urged Angela.

"Do you dispute fate?" he asked, with a melancholy smile. "I have but one comfort, and of that one comfort I have told you. If our hopes are not for the world's good they will come to nothing."

"You are credited," she said, "with many dreadful schemes which I know to be outside your nature, and impossible for it. But in the public mind you are inseparable from a crowd of wicked madmen who seem to have no object beyond the wanton destruction of life. Could you give no disclaimer? Could you make no protest?"

"Who would believe my protest? You, perhaps, who have no need that I should make it. But why," he broke off almost gaily, "should you and I talk politics? Tell me of yourself."

"Not now," she answered. "I must go back now. But we shall meet again. Where are you living?"

"At Janenne. At the sign of the Cheval Blanc. You must go? Well, good-bye, little sweetheart, good-bye. There is none other left for my heart to cling to, Angela. You hear, and will hear, many evil things of me, but you will believe in me still."

"Always," she said, earnestly. "Always."

They shook hands there, and she turned away. He watched her down the lane by the side of the brawling stream, until she turned to wave her hand to him, and disappeared at a bend of the road. Even then he stood for a long time looking mournfully down the road she had taken, and at last, with a sigh as if he surrendered himself to something which might not be avoided, he turned and pursued his own way, his hands clasped behind him, and his chin crushing his grey beard against his breast.

CHAPTER III.

THE boy sat upon his camp-stool and cried, and, according to his own way of thinking, had more than enough to cry for. For to his mind he was abandoned to mysterious and unknown horrors, of the which bears and wolves furnished a formidable proportion, and he was never any more to see the faces of his friends. The fact that there was neither wolf nor bear nearer than the Zoological Gardens at Antwerp, two hundred miles away, made no difference to him, because he was profoundly convinced of their existence in the Bois de Janenne, and had been told that their favourite food was little boys. It was almost certain that he would be discovered before nightfall, but the poor little fellow was not old enough to weigh his chances, and he suffered all the terrors his small heart could hold.

In the course of half an hour he left off crying, and began to take some faint renewed interest in his surroundings. By and by a hare came out of the wood, and instead of scouring in again at once, as his experience had taught him to do at the sight of a grown human creature, he sat up on his hind legs and began to fondle his nose with his forepaws in a manner so fatuous and comical that the child laughed at him. Suddenly the hare whisked away, and a little grey rabbit ran into the open, where he stood and emitted a feeble squeak or two. Following him came a weasel, who took him by the back of the neck as he stood there frozen with fear. Then the rabbit seemed to recover his wits, and squealed and struggled his utmost. The boy understood this small tragedy of nature, and, dismounting from his camp-stool, he took up the seat, and with a rush of hysteric courage he smote the weasel so shrewdly that he relinquished his prey, and slipped into shelter. The rabbit lay and kicked, and the deliverer, who came too late, took it up and sat down with it in his arms, and cried over it, and over his own probable prospects, of which the rabbit's fate seemed a natural forecast. This time he cried so heartily and so long that he fairly sobbed himself to sleep.

It was already dusk when the old Nihilist turned his footsteps into the wood, and having just remembered that he had not broken his fast for seven or eight hours, he had somewhat quickened his usual thoughtful pace, when the sound of a sob reached his ear, and he stopped suddenly to look about him. Within a yard or two sat the lost child on his camp-stool, with his back against a broad tree trunk, and the dead rabbit still held within his folded arms. The old man knelt on the grass and looked at the sleeping boy. His straw hat had fallen off, and lay beside him, his golden hair was tumbled and disordered, his long dark lashes were still wet, and his rosy cheeks were blurred and soiled with the traces of his tears.

"Eh! La, la, la!" said the old fellow, in a pitying accent. "Lost! Did we sleep in despair, dear little heart? in tears? in terror? And God sendeth a hand, ere yet it is night-time. To the child, rescue, and to the old man, teaching."

Murmuring thus he drew the rabbit gently from the child's unresisting hands, and stuffed it into the breast of his own coat. Then he took the child softly in his arms, and gathering up the hat and the camp-stool, entered the wood. As he did so, a faint and distant cry reached his ears, and he stopped to listen. It was repeated once or twice, faintly and more faintly, and then died away. He started anew almost at a run, but he was old, and the lad was unusually solid and well grown for his years, so that the burthen soon told upon him, and brought him to a walk again.

It was a full mile, from the spot to which the child had wandered, to the Cheval Blanc, and when the little hostel was reached the bearer's back and arms were aching rarely. The landlady met him in the passage with a cry.

"Oh, the little Anglais! You have found him, Monsieur? Jeanne, run to the woods and tell them that the child is found."

A fat girl of Flemish build made a headlong rush through the doorway, and at once began to bawl her tidings in the street.

"You know him?" asked Dobroski. "Who is he? Where does he live?"

"He is the child of the English at the Hotel des Postes," answered the woman, standing on tiptoe to kiss the boy. "He has been lost this five hours." Dobroski turned into the street, and the woman followed him, talking all the way. "He is the only child of his parents, and their cherished. Imagine, then, the despair of his mother, the inquietude of his father. They are rich, those English. See how the child is dressed. There is nothing you might not ask for."

The old man smiled at this, but said nothing. He surrendered his charge at the hotel, where the boy was received with such noisy demonstrations of pleasure that he awoke. Being awake, and recognising his surroundings, he adapted himself to them with an immediate philosophy, and demanded something to eat. A second messenger was despatched to the wood to bring back the party who had gone in search of him, and when they returned the centre of interest was seated at table with the dead rabbit in his lap, and was sticky with sugary preserves. His mother kissed him frantically and cried over him, but his father set out for the Cheval Blanc to thank his rescuer. He found Dobroski seated in a little room with a sanded floor, and began to stammer his gratitude in broken and mutilated French.

"It was a piece of great good fortune to find him," said Dobroski, speaking English to the other's great relief. "I am delighted that the pleasure was mine."

"I don't know how to thank you," said the Englishman, a little awkwardly, lugging a purse from his trouser pocket. For a mere moment Dobroski fancied the stranger meant to offer him money, but he merely produced a card, and the hand the old man had involuntarily raised in protest accepted it. "That's my name," said the Englishman blunderingly. "Austin Farley. Upon my word, I really don't know how to thank you."

"My good, good, sir," returned Dobroski. "What would you have had? What was I to do? He was sure to be found, and it was my good fortune to have found him."

"You must let his mother come and thank you, sir," said the Englishman. "Upon my word I really don't know what to say to tell you how grateful and obliged I am. His mother has been in the greatest anxiety. You must let her come and thank you."

"Well, well, Mr. Farley," the elder man answered, himself a little shy at the other's concealed emotion. "If you will think so mere an accident worth thanks to anybody. . . . But pray let us say no more."

"Well, you see, Mr. Dobroski," said Farley, not yet altogether at his ease, "he is our only child, and his mother was really so terribly distressed, and is so much relieved, that you must let her come and

thank you. I will bring her at once. She will be almost angry with me for having come without her."

"No, no," cried Dobroski. "She will not like to leave the child. And if she will needs see me, though I have been thanked more than enough already, I will go with you."

"Will you?" said the Englishman, with a pleased alacrity. "That is kind."

There was but a little distance between the auberge and the hotel, and they passed from the one to the other in silence. When they reached the room in which Farley had left his wife and the boy they found them seated side by side, the boy volubly, but not very intelligibly relating the history of his adventures, and the mother bending over him with an almost passionate tenderness. Dobroski entered first in obedience to a wave from Farley's hand, and the mother catching sight of him threw her arms round the child with a look and gesture of unmistakable terror and defiance. A second later she saw her husband, and arose reassured.

"It was this gentleman," said he, "who found little Austin asleep in the wood, and carried him home."

The mother said not a word, and the old man bending across the table patted the boy's head.

"Lucy," said the husband, in an appealing whisper, with a side glance at Dobroski.

"I am very much obliged to you," she made shift to say. "We were in great distress about him."

"I am glad it was my good fortune to restore him to you," returned Dobroski, and after this there was a minute of embarrassed silence. Of the three Austin felt it most keenly, though Dobroski knew as well as he the sentiment of aversion and fear which had so curtailed the mother's natural thanks, and had narrowed her expression of them to such formal limits.

"You had better take little Austin to bed, my dear," said the father, breaking on this awkward pause. "Austin, this gentleman found you when you were lost, and brought you back again. Say 'Thank you,' and shake hands." The child obeyed frankly, and the mother disappeared with him. "My wife is shaken and disturbed," said Farley, clumsily. "She did not thank you as she would have wished to do."

"Sir," returned the old man, gently, "I have been thanked more than enough. It was a happy thing for me, and he was certain to have been found in any case. Good night."

"I will walk back with you," said Austin. "I should have liked to have asked you to stay and sup with us, but my wife—"

"Yes, yes," said Dobroski, cutting him short. "It is very natural. Do you propose to stay long in Janenne? It is not often that English people come here so early in the season. Later on we have crowds of tourists here."

"When they come," said Austin, secretly much obliged to his companion for sliding to a new theme, "we shall run away again. And yourself?"

"I am going over to England in a month's time. Until then I stay here."

"We may see more of each other there. But I am an idle man just now, and you perhaps are a busy one?"

"No," answered Dobroski. "I have an enforced leisure on my hands just now. But—" He stopped short in the street, and turned upon the Englishman. "I will ask you to be good enough not to think that I speak foolishly. You knew my name? You addressed me by it when I first saw you this evening."

"Why, yes," said Farley, with half a bow. "Most people know your name, Mr. Dobroski."

"And you know who I am? Pray do not think me like your Dickens's Mr. Slurk in Pickwick."

"I have read and heard a good deal about your career," answered Farley. "Most men have."

"It is always a trouble to say this, and yet I have had to say it very often. It may be prejudicial to you to know me. That is all."

"To me?" said Farley. "I think not. Really, I think not."

"You are an Englishman, and at home you are quite safe and comfortable. But it may restrict your comfort, and it may perhaps even restrict your freedom in foreign travel, if you could be pointed at as a friend of mine. I am watched everywhere, sir, and the people who converse with me are watched in turn. It will delight me to know you, sir, for I have known you by your books already for a year or two, but I warn you beforehand. If you do not care to be watched and dogged and spied upon, I shall understand, and not be hurt if you do not know me again."

"I assure you," Farley answered, laughingly, "that the whole race of mouchards may watch me to their hearts' content, and can give me nothing but amusement." He was quite sure that the old gentleman was more than a trifle mad, and he was beginning to be amused already. Dobroski was watched, of course—everybody knew that—and it was not probable that his watchers would fail to inquire into the antecedents and pursuits of people who associated with him closely. But he had an obviously exaggerated idea of his importance; though, granting it to be real, it assumed a sufficiently generous form. The writer of fiction fancied himself spied upon in his quiet home at Hampstead, by the secret agents of the Czar, and the fancy tickled him. What a chance for practical observations—what a mine of copy!

He dilated upon this theme that evening to his wife, and spoke of it with much vivacity.

"Matilda," he said, "will be supplanted by a very treasure of a domestic, a trifle cold and self-restrained to look at, a young woman who will be heedless of Robert on his beat, and who will scorn the baker at the door, a young woman who will break no crockery ware, and disobey no orders. I see her (in my mind's eye, I should say) with an explanatory manner. 'She is tall; she has a swarthy pallor; her black hair is straight and precise; her step is silent and stealthy; there is an aspect of constant respectful withdrawal about her; she rarely looks you in the face. If you listen in the dead of night you may hear the secret scratching of her pen. She writes her cypher diary for the Czar's private reading. But you never guess as much. You imagine that, fired by the spectacle of her employer's fame, she courts the midnight muse. Suddenly she disappears, and at the same hour the master of the mansion. Have they fled together? End of the first Volume.'

"I wish anybody but that man had found Austin, dear," said his wife.

"I am in the full tide of invention," he replied. "For pity's sake don't stop me. Volume Two. The mysterious domestic and the mansion's master have certainly disappeared together. They have even gone away together. But surely he is faithful. He is—he is—but he has been decoyed. Behold me, packed in a Saratoga trunk labelled 'This side up. Fragile.' I am drugged. Unconscious I cross the stormy Channel. At Calais I am taken out and fed, and drugged anew. On, on, we speed—the unconscious passenger in the Saratoga trunk in the luggage van, the exemplary domestic, quiet, stern, with a light of suppressed triumph in her stealthy eye, rides in the second class. We reach Cologne. There is an hotel kept for the purpose by one of the Czar's emissaries. I am taken out and restored and fed and drugged and put back again all as before. So on and on. My geography grows weak, but a map of Europe and a guide will do it all. I reach St. Petersburg at last, for the Customs are evaded by the way, and if the Saratoga trunk is examined at all it is only examined by the salaried myrmidons of the Russian Court, who, as everybody knows, are everywhere. At last I am brought before the Czar himself, and all is over. I plead in vain. 'Siberia!' is his one reply. I am loaded

with chains and hurried into the black night. But, meantime, what of the wife and child? Here closes Volume Two."

He was going on to Volume Three with a sense of perfect self-approval, and was quite convinced that he was being very facetious and inventive and amusing, when his wife, with a cry of "Austin! Austin!" burst suddenly into tears.

"My dear," he said, putting an arm about her waist, and striving to draw away her hands from her eyes, "what is it? Is it my foolish chatter? Forgive me, dear. I didn't think. I forgot how you had been disturbed. I forgot how ill you had been. I forgot how weak you are still."

"I am a silly creature," she said, looking up at him and trying to smile. "But, Austin, you don't know how I fear that man, in spite of the sad things you told me of him this afternoon. You can't tell what a dread there is—what a weight there is upon my spirits. Let me go to my own room, dear, and cry the silly fears away. I shall be better afterwards."

She arose, and he followed her upstairs, and would have entered the room with her, but she pushed him gently away, and closed and locked the door against him. He lingered outside until a domestic of the house had passed him twice, and then being shy of being seen there with no apparent purpose he descended, and wandered a little disconsolate about the place in front of the hotel.

"To have known that delicate instrument," he said to himself, "a dozen years, and then at the end to play on it so clumsily that I do by accident what the Minstrel Boy did on purpose, and tear its chords asunder! My poor Austin, you will be a fool to the end of your days. There is no hope for you."

But when he ascended an hour later he found the door unlocked, and his wife either was or feigned to be peacefully asleep. He would not disturb her then, and in the morning she derided her own fears.

"You know what women are, Austin. I often wonder how you know so well. But I was very foolish, and tired and excited. I was bound to have had my cry, sooner or later, and now it is over, and I have washed that folly quite away. Go and see Mr. Dobroski, dear, and thank him in my name. I am sure you will find him interesting and attractive, and I know how much you wanted to know him. Yes, I insist. Take your hat and go at once. And if he will come with you bring him back to luncheon."

(To be continued)



THE ideas of the French Revolution held by the average English reader are probably derived from "The Tale of Two Cities" and Carlyle's "French Revolution." As Dickens avowedly based himself on Carlyle the latter is practically the great instructor of the English people about the French Revolution. On the first appearance of Carlyle's great work John Stuart Mill declared in the *Westminster Review* that it was at once the truest history and the truest poetry. But it is as poetry that the work makes its deepest impression on the mind. It is, in fact, a magnificent prose epic, and as such it presents its subject truly, and carries with it the deepest lessons. Yet a student of history, though he could never ignore Carlyle's presentation of the facts, could scarcely be content with that alone. Carlyle perhaps felt that when he called his work not "A History of the French Revolution," but "The French Revolution: a History." It was based, of course, upon the minutest study of the facts; but to satisfy himself the student must study his facts in his own fashion. Hence the great value of the works of Mignet and Michelet, and finally of M. H. A. Taine, whose third volume of "The Revolution," translated by John Durand (Sampson Low and Co.), we welcome with extreme pleasure. It is unnecessary now to say much in praise of M. Taine's literary method. In the present volume his excellencies and his faults are equally displayed. His extraordinary faculty for taking pains, his lucidity of judgment, his power of marshalling facts to produce a given effect, his delightful purity and incisiveness of style, his delicate wit—these qualities are obvious. Not less obvious are some of his deficiencies in the highest artistic gifts. The creative power, and the higher imaginative powers generally, he possesses to a comparatively small extent. His book is nevertheless, it need scarcely be said, very delightful reading. It discloses whole series of the facts which Carlyle had examined for himself, and on which he based his splendid creations and pictures. But M. Taine usually leaves his facts to speak for themselves. Book V., the first of the present volume, deals with the establishment of the Revolutionary Government in 1793; Book VI. deals with the Jacobin programme; and Book VII. with "The Governors," opening with the psychology of the Jacobin leaders, Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. Book VIII. treats of "The Governed," and Book IX. closes the volume with the account of "The End of the Revolutionary Government."

That Mr. A. P. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism" (Chapman and Hall) should have found sufficient readers to carry it into a fifth edition is a striking proof of the great interest which is taken at present in speculations outside the limits of established science and religion. In the preface to this edition Mr. Sinnett announces that the later teaching which he has received since the first publication of the book in 1883 "only reveals incompleteness in my original conception of the esoteric doctrine,—no material error so far." Instead, therefore, of remodelling the text in any way, Mr. Sinnett has thought it sufficient to add annotations to certain chapters, further explaining some aspects of the doctrine. The chapters which have been found to require most explanation are those on Devachan and Kama Loca. Recent events in India have tended to discredit the foundress of the Theosophical Society; and the hostile report on the theosophical phenomena furnished to the Society for Psychical Research by the gentleman who has been to India to inquire into the alleged occurrences, will still further shake the faith of many. Candour, however, compels it to be admitted that the theosophical doctrines, as expounded in "Esoteric Buddhism," are, in a sense, independent of Madame Blavatsky. They must be examined, like all scientific or religious systems, on their own merits; though the suspicions which have been cast upon Madame Blavatsky compel us to inquire with great caution as to the authority on which the doctrines rest. Still, Mr. Sinnett's volume cannot be without interest to every one who speculates on the great problems of life. And it has this especial characteristic: that it appeals with equal force to the scientific and the religious mind.

Mr. Lawrence Hutton, a well-known American writer, has done excellent work in "Literary Landmarks of London" (T. Fisher Unwin). With extraordinary patience he has consulted old maps, directories, chronicles, parish surveys, records of estates, to discover the exact houses inhabited in London at various times by literary and celebrities. The result is a volume of extraordinary accuracy and deep interest. Never before has anything of the kind approaching this in thoroughness been attempted, and it will long remain the standard work on the subject. Londoners will be amazed to find how many houses which they heedlessly pass every day have been the houses of men great in English letters. The book is arranged alphabetically, and has two good indexes, one to persons and one to places. It includes every man concerning whose London life

authentic details are to be discovered, but excludes living persons. Concerning Shakespeare and some of the earlier writers Mr. Hutton has been able to discover nothing fresh; but in many cases of modern writers he has been enabled to trace all their migrations from house to house. Owing, however, to the constant changes in the metropolis many of the most interesting houses have been swept away.

Most people know Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," directed against Hume's "Essay on Miracles." Not so many are acquainted with the essay of M. Pérès, published after Whately's essay, intended to ridicule Dupuis' solar-myth theory. The lady who writes under the pseudonym of "Lily" has therefore done a useful work in translating this ingenious essay under the title "Historic and other Doubts; or the Non-Existence of Napoleon Proved" (E. W. Allen). Dealing with Napoleon as M. Dupuis dealt with the characters of the Old and New Testaments, M. Pérès shows the *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument, and demonstrates by ingenious reasoning that Napoleon was but another name for the sun, that his four brothers were the four seasons of the year, the twelve marshals the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and so on. The little book is distinctly ingenious and amusing; and Dr. Richard Garnett's preface hints at the limits which must be set to the application of the solar-myth to ancient religions.

"Morley's Universal Library" (G. Routledge and Sons) receives constant additions. The four most recent volumes are "Don Quixote," in two volumes, "Ideal Commonwealths," and Butler's "Hudibras." "Ideal Commonwealths" contains Plutarch's "Lycurgus," More's "Utopia," Bacon's "New Atlantis," and Campanella's "City of the Sun." It would not be fair to criticise these volumes as if they were intended for scholars; but as a cheap popular library of great books they are in every way good.

Captain L. Lloyd's "Field Sports of the North of Europe" is well-known to enthusiasts of the rod and rifle. All such will welcome the enlarged and revised edition of the work just issued by Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. There is not an animal or fish of Scandinavia unmentioned in Captain Lloyd's book, and sportsmen going to Norway in the autumn will find here all the information they require. The book contains so many tales of adventure that it has attractions for a large body of readers outside the actual ranks of sportsmen.

Mr. F. E. Longley, of 39, Warwick Lane, E.C., sends a bundle of his Penny Holiday Guides. These convenient little books contain only sixteen pages; but into that space is packed a great amount of information. Each guide contains a map and several woodcuts. They are wonderfully good for the money.

"The Gordon Birthday Book," compiled by Mary Frances Billington (Remington and Co.), contains many humorous, pithy, and religious sayings from Gordon's published and unpublished writings. The compiler has had the advantage of access to many unpublished letters of the late General. It would have added to the interest of the quotations if the source had been named from which each was taken.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. continue the issue of their new "Red Library" with Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop." The type is clear, and the binding strong. This should be a very popular cheap series.

Those who are going to Wales this autumn cannot have a better guide than Mr. Godfrey Turner's "Picturesque Wales" (W. J. Adams and Sons, 59, Fleet Street). Its second title is "A Handbook of Scenery Accessible from the Cambrian Railways," and seekers after the choice bits of Welsh scenery will find that everything of note is mentioned. The book contains numerous illustrations.

We have received the tenth edition of "Dainty Dishes," by Lady Harriet St. Clair (John Hogg), and "Breakfast and Savoury Dishes," by "R. O. C." (Chapman and Hall).

Mr. Arthur Ackermann has published a large sheet, in chromolithography, representing with more or less fidelity incidents in the life of the late General Gordon. The pictures will doubtless be popular.

THE ISLAND OF HERM

"JERSEY, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark," say the geography books, probably considering "Herm" as beneath their notice. But it is a pretty little island notwithstanding, and forms one of the group of which Guernsey is the head. There it lies to the eastward within an hour's sail of St. Peter's Port, its sandy beach and green slopes lighted up by the sunshine of a delicious spring day.

Let us get on board one of the many little skiffs that lie at their moorings, with sails loose to dry, and pick a place among the picturesque litter which strews the small craft from stem to stern. The trawl, with its iron hoops at either end of a long spar, to which the net is attached, lies along the thwart; all around are creels, water-casks, ballast, fishing lines, cork floats, oilskin coats, old canvas, and tarpaulins, coils of rope, a rusty anchor, an iron bogie for cooking, and a winch for heaving in the trawl.

We slip from the buoy, and are soon skimming along towards the island. The skipper at the helm is a study for an artist. Bronzed, bearded, and moustached, with black curly hair, and slouched wide-awake hat, he sits and steers in silence. The mate, who on shore might be taken for an itinerant knife-grinder, more talkative than his superior, is telling my friend a story of fish in the market, the variety of prices, &c., sucking away diligently at a short and exceedingly foul black pipe. Two men in jerseys and canvas trousers complete the crew; one is mending a creel, the other splices a fish hook on the end of a short stick.

Meanwhile the little vessel, under her three gaff sails, heels over to a pleasant breeze, and we are soon within hail of Berthon Fort, a circular tower built on a rock midway between the two islands, and mounting five old-fashioned cannon *en barbette*. Passing this miniature citadel, we soon land on the rocks of Herm.

It is one of those rarely perfect spring days which come to us now and then in the midst of dreary, uncomfortable weather. The clear blue sky, flecked with white fleecy clouds, reflects itself in the still pools, sheltered from the breeze by the masses of rock which rise around in the most fantastic shapes between us and the sea. I open my sketch-book and try to reproduce one of these, covered at high-water, and greatly resembling a Druid's altar. Great yellow-grey boulders, with dark seaweed hanging from their summits like weird manes, stand about upon a carpet of rich brown trailing slippery tangle, the colour of glue, sparkling in the high lights, and spotted with small stones covered with the *Ulva lactuca*, or "sea lettuce," of a brilliant, vivid green. The islands of Herm and Jethou, sloped with emerald turf and exquisite shadowings, lie back against the sky. Here and there are clustered a few white cottages.

The tide being unusually low we are some half-mile from the beach, and we remain in this strangely-beautiful wilderness as long as the advancing current will permit, wading from pool to pool, and from rock to rock, gradually driven inshore, and picking up curiosities in the way of shell-fish, seaweed, &c., as we go.

We would linger yet, but presently come to a little islet covered with the pretty sea pink and infested with rats, and as one gets up under my feet a shout from our crew warns us that we are cut off by the tide. No time to take off boots and stockings or turn up trousers. We plunge desperately in above the knee, and are glad to land the other side of a sort of sluice running like a mill stream. Wading across a muddy morass full of nasty holes, hidden by the

long sea grass, we reach a delightful sand beach sloping steeply upwards, mounting which we reach the terrace in front of the small inn, where we thankfully sit down to rest and enjoy the distant view of St. Peter's glistening in the sun, the blue sea relieved against the sand hills in the foreground.

This tiny island, formerly held by a "Seigneur," has of late years changed hands very frequently; and being not long ago vacated by the Trappists, who found it not secluded enough for their purpose, has now been purchased by a lime company, probably attracted by the famous shell beach. It is overrun with rabbits, and was at one time stocked with pheasants and partridges. Wild birds abound, and even the sea eagle and Iceland falcon pay it an occasional visit, the latter bird having been known to strike a cock pheasant and carry it off.

We ramble all over it in an hour, then lie at ease on the beach, and watch the sea-gulls and cormorants on the cliffs which shut in the delightful little bathing cove—a perfect solitude—where the Robinson Crusoe-like footprints on the sand, leading directly to a hut for dressing, show that some one has been enjoying a morning dip. But whilst we hesitate to turn away from so many delights, a sea-fog has been stealing up and wreathing the upper crags in a veil of mist.

There is little or no wind, and the tide runs furiously amongst the rocks which show above water here and there. To return as we came would be the reverse of prudent, so we charter a four-oared gig, and with the loan of a hand or two, not forgetting a compass, start to pull back.

About half-way across the fog lifts, and we are pleased to make the harbour of St. Peter's as night falls. We relieve each other at the oars, songs are sung, a steam launch suddenly emerging from the fog is shouted at, and presently we pass between the pier-heads—the harbour dotted with lights swinging from yachts and merchant craft—and gladly scramble on shore at the jetty.

A. P. W.

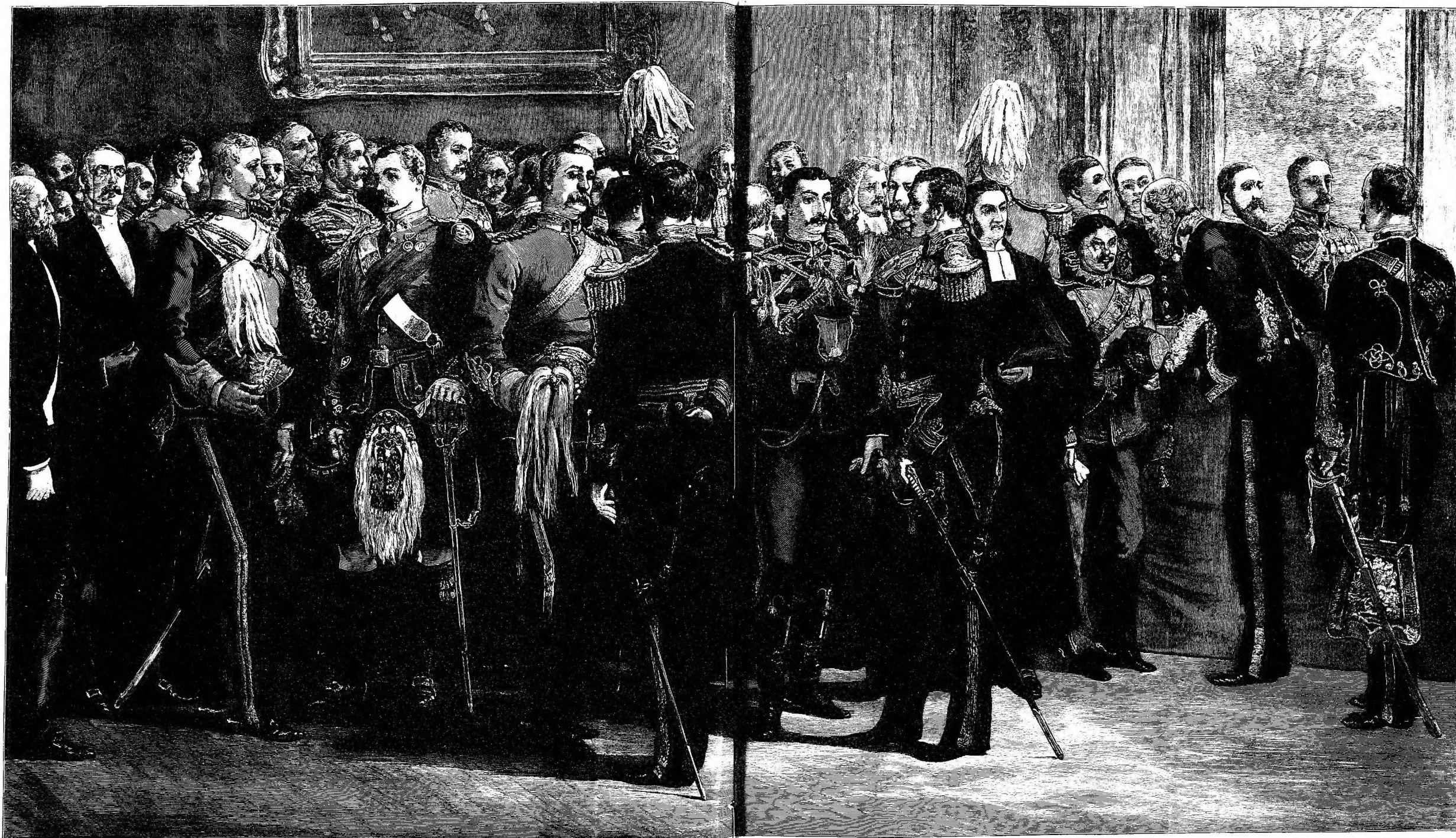


"THE COQUETTE'S CONQUEST," by Basil (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), has unquestionable cleverness, but the result is not satisfactory in proportion. Indeed it would be easy to make so formidable a catalogue of faults as to make the just amount of general praise appear somewhat illogical. Amongst such faults are the unpleasantness and triviality of the story, the incessant repetitions of situation and incident, the excessive number of uninteresting characters, and the wearisome indulgence in quotations which, in a novel of the conventional order, gives an air of pedantic affectation. Obviously the cleverness must be very decided which on the whole contrives to overcome the effects of faults so numerous and of such an order. A great deal of the novel's place above the average of love stories is due to its style, showing how much a little good writing will do for very ordinary material. There is also every sign of honest and careful workmanship, within the bounds of the author's very limited notions of the art of construction; and the story, unsympathetic and occasionally morbid as it is, has enough originality to excite and maintain curiosity on the part of readers who can dispense with excitement.

"The Threatening Eye," by E. F. Knight (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.), is the history of a charming young person who is induced to join an association for killing babies. The motive of the "Sisters," as the members call themselves, and of their fanatical leader, Catherine King, is to carry out in this practical way the provisions of an expected Act of Parliament under which all landed property, when there are no children to inherit, shall lapse to the State, to be dealt with according to the principles, apparently, of Mr. Henry George. All this is left a trifle vague; but in any case the "Sisters" are very much in earnest, and have imported a special poison from South America to effect their ends. Some portion of the author's motive is presumably to bring the doctrines of Nihilism to their logical conclusions. But, as usually happens in similar cases, he attempts to prove too much, and forgets to reckon with human nature. In two points he is exceptionally successful—in his portrait of Mrs. King, the madwoman with her narrow and distorted notions of philanthropy, her struggle against her natural affection for the girl whom she perverts to her own views, her magnetic strength, and her lapses into weakness and unrecognised remorse; and in that of Mary Grimm, the girl with equal capacities for good and evil, over whom the powers of each wage well nigh equal battle. The monstrous notion of the book, though perpetually on the point of dropping into burlesque, becomes lost in the development of these two persons; and the result would have been at the very least twice as powerful had the development been effected by more probable and therefore more dramatic means. The rest of the characters do not rise above the common-place, the principal being a clever but weak-minded man, everybody's friend and lover, and nobody's enemy but his own, and the well-nigh impossible she-fiend who murders him after destroying him in mind and soul. There is also a good deal of power about this romance; which, when not powerful, at any rate faces the risk of being ridiculous with a courage so complete as to almost entirely succeed.

Anton Barrili's "A Noble Kinsman," translated from the Italian by H. A. Martin (2 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), has none of the eccentricity and piquant interest of the "Devil's Portrait," very recently reviewed in this column. But it is a very charming romance nevertheless, and has the same flavour which would make the English version pass very well for a translation from Edmond About—wholesomeness included. Shrewd and new observations crop up unexpectedly at every turn, at some risk of passing unobserved by reason of perfect lucidity and unaffected ease of style. Signor Barrili, like his French model, practically demonstrates how unnecessary it is to wrap up subtleties of thought in obscurity of language—a lesson which the best English novelists are in much need of learning. The story is a very simple one, being that of an ideal act of chivalry on the part of a Neapolitan gentleman—that is to say, as we are told, of "a gentleman twice over." The fault is that the interest of the plot is too much divided, and proportionately diminished. But as the sub-plot, or rather co-plot, introduces us to some exceedingly fresh and delightful characters, including a most unconventional heroine, it would be hypercritical to complain. Few Continental novels have been better worth translation, or have borne that trying process better, than this and its predecessor.

"A Morganatic Marriage," by Marie Connor (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), may possibly be thought to own an attractive title. Other merit is impossible to discover. The story is that of a young German Prince who morganatically marries a French girl, supposed to be very charming; and then, of course, marries a Princess, so that the first wife, refusing a subordinate position, is left out in the cold. But, the Princess dying, he returns to his first love, and lives happily, in London, for the rest of his days. No interest is given to this meagre plot, which indeed serves little more purpose than of being a peg for sentimentality of a decidedly maudlin kind. The morganatic wife's Nihilist brother and disreputable father represent incident and portraiture, but apparently rather because such things are supposed to be required in fiction than for any more sufficient reason. If there be such people as are introduced into "A Morganatic



AFTER A CAMPAIGN—A LEVÉE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE

Maniage," they are not worth describing: if not, they are assuredly not worth inventing.

"What am I going to do?" asks the hero of "The North Wall," by John Davidson (Shilling edition: Glasgow, Wilson and McCormick): "I am going to create a novel. Practical joking is the new novel in its infancy. The end of every thought is an action: and the centuries of written fiction must culminate in an age of acted fiction. We stand upon the threshold of that age, and I am destined to open the door." In consequence, this Mr. Maxwell Lee attempts to carry out his idea by means of conduct for which he richly merits penal servitude. We must assume that Mr. Davidson, his creator, has been perpetrating a practical joke at the expense of his own readers. And the joke is so supremely flat that, were there anything in criticism corresponding to a sentence of penal servitude, the utmost rigour of such a law would have been most amply earned. Let any intending reader begin with the last chapter, or rigmarole, headed "prefatory," and he will require no help in arriving at the only verdict possible.

OUR FIRST "NEW CHUMS"

It was a blazing hot day. Glass ninety in the shade, such as it was, of the hotel verandah in the far away up-country township in New South Wales. Silence and heat along the whole length of the one dusty, stump-dotted street.

The air seemed to fairly vibrate with the sun's fierce rays, whilst overhead the galvanised iron every now and then broke out into a volley of little sharp, crackling reports, making one involuntarily look up and think of hail, smiling the next moment at the idea on such a December day.

Not a stray dog even would venture out, and those of the residents who were not asleep in the coolest corner they could find were in the river, which ran, or rather had stopped running, but still existed in the shape of a chain of waterholes, more or less deep, within a stone's throw of the township.

Looking east and west you could see the last house at each end, then away for a mile or so, along a line cleared through the tall gum-trees and boxes far out into the lonely bush, one solitary telegraph wire alone seeming to speak to the traveller of a busy world somewhere beyond, as it stretched its length through the forest from one rude pole to the other. Turning restlessly on the old sofa, and praying heartily for a breeze—for I was recovering from a severe attack of rheumatic fever caught far away in the western wilderness, and with which I had made my way painfully and wearily, for days scarce able to move, riding along with every joint on the rack, till I reached my present haven of rest, the Old Woolpack Inn, at almost the first township on the borders of what are known as the "settled districts"—I perceived at one end of the long, hot street, or rather road, three figures approaching slowly and wearily, each bearing on its back an immense bundle, in Colonial parlance, "tied up ugly."

As they came nearer they developed into three unmistakable new chums. New chums by their corduroy trousers, by their little round black hats, as hard as boards, terribly suggestive of sunstroke, and from underneath each of which a fat, red, mosquito-bitten face looked out weary and despondent.

Dumping their burdens on to the verandah-floor, each sat on his own bundle and commenced to wipe and fan his steaming face. Three stout, strapping, able young fellows they were, without a doubt, and I wondered much what had brought them into such an out-of-the-way corner of the colony, till I bethought me that the railway line was just opened to within eighty miles of where I sat.

Allowing them time to cool a little, I proceeded to question them, and found that they had indeed only landed from the good ship *Pericles*, along with 300 others, in Sydney but one short week ago, had made use of their free railway passes to come up-country as far as D—, from which place, eighty miles, they had tramped in two days, through all the burning heat and dusty bush roads. Not bad work for a horseman with such an enormous swag as they each carried. Little wonder that they limped, and abused the country right and left, which they did in a curious kind of dialect, which I shall certainly not attempt to reproduce, but which I afterwards learned was Nottinghamshire.

The poor fellows were dreadfully downhearted. It seemed glowing accounts of the colony had reached them in their obscure little village, and they had set out impatient and eager to get to that wonderful Australia, in which, perhaps, they had been led to believe that fortunes, even by such as they, were to be quickly made.

The hard truth that even here also they would have to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow was just beginning to break on their minds.

Now they were cooler, one, apparently the youngest of the lads, for they were little else after all, in a most pathetic tone remarked that he was "Maist famished wi' hunger."

"Haven't you had any dinner?" I inquired.

"Dinner!" echoed the three in astonishment. "Why we've had naught since we left the train."

"Nothing to eat for two days!" I exclaimed. "Why there are four stations between here and D— (the railway terminus)."

"Maybe," was the *naïve* reply, "but we had no money, and we couldn't a-bear begging, not but what, for all I can see, it's what we shall come to yet in the country."

I did not stay to argue the point, but, rousing up the old landlord, I made him understand that bread-and-cheese and beer was indispensable till a more substantial repast could be made ready.

A rough but good-hearted old fellow was mine host of the Woolpack, and in his idea the country was already quite full enough of people, so I was not surprised at hearing him growl whilst summoning his pretty daughter Agnes, "Oh, yes; I know'd they'd be along soon. This is only the fust lot. Why, they'll come in droves soon's the line's open to here. New chums! Why what's the good on 'em! They can't do nothin', an' they don't know nothin', an' they're too 'old to learn. What!"

Just then, happening to look round at the red, blistered faces, regarding the eatables so intently from under the little black hats, the old chap burst into a roar of laughter that woke up half the drowsy township, while the old white cockatoo nearly tumbled off his perch with fright, then burst into a most astounding string of invectives.

"Come on, my lads," said old T—. "Come on, an' put yer-selves outside o' the tucker. Don't be looking so much like three motherless calves. What! Cheer up, an' keep a stiff upper lip. It's a fine country. Not a finer in the world, an'—but good Lord! don't scrat yer faces like that! Let the miskitties bite away. 'Tain't every day as they gets a drap o' new-chum blood fresh an' straight-out from the old country; an' if yer stops out here long, you'll soon be the colour and weight of a dried lambskin, like me." Here another roar of laughter, in which this time the new-comers joined, for old T—'s face was the colour of a peony, and sixteen stone was his summer weight.

A faint but cooling breeze now began to rustle through the sombre gum trees that still grew thickly about the township, and the inhabitants commenced to bestir themselves. The clang of the blacksmith's hammer was again heard, while the evening water-carts rolled heavily down to the river.

Our new chums, refreshed and rested, now became an object of interest to the rising generation, and Young Australia's remarks anent the hard black hats, hob-nailed boots, and corduroys, were rather the reverse of complimentary. One precocious, freckle-faced "Cornstalk," numbering perhaps some twelve summers, in

particular, after a prolonged stare at the new comers, turned round to his friends, saying, "Well, I'm blowed! What must a country be like that's chock full o' new chums?"

The likelihood of such an idea was evidently too much for the average juvenile imagination to entertain for a moment, and indignant protests arose of, "Don't be poking fun, Jim!" "None o' yer chi-acking!" "You know there's no such a place nowhere!"

"Where does them come from then?" sneered the perhaps future member for the district. But this was a poser, and old T— appearing just then, ominously handling a stock-whip, the assembly dispersed.

Our first new chums stayed at the Woolpack till their blistered faces and feet were once more sound and well; then employment, at a fair rate, was found for them without the slightest difficulty—we could at that time have disposed of 300 such in the district—at one of the very stations they had passed hungry and footsore.

Shortly afterwards I set off "out back," and it was nearly two years before I found myself again shaking hands with old T— under the hospitable roof of the Woolpack.

Many were the changes in the township, which was now in its turn the terminus of a railway.

The long street was crowded with strangers. The old gum trees had long ago been cut down and burned. Brick houses, of a redness vividly new, had begun to mingle with the old weatherboard and galvanised iron structures of the past. All was life and bustle, evoked by the magician, Steam.

Dozens of bullock teams were coming into the railway yards with wool, from lonely stations far away on the edge of the "Silent Land;" the land where rain never falls; where bird's note is never heard; where life is not—each team of eighteen or twenty bullocks, driven by tall "natives," whose long light hair fell on their shoulders, and whose sharply-outlined features, brown as mahogany, looked boldly and defiantly out from under their broad cabbage-tree hats, as if defying the influence of their novel surroundings to surprise them, though for some, perhaps their first visit to any settlement, and certainly for very many, their first sight of a locomotive. A peculiar class are the "bullocky" of Australia. Listen to an anonymous singer of the tribe:—

Rough lads were they, most blasphemous to oxen,
Whose eyes and livers all day long they curst;
Their pastimes "drunks" and rough and tumble boxing,
Their highest aim the money for a "burst."
Large boots they had, with not a hope of socks in.
And larger mouths, the home of chronic thirst.
They feared not God, nor any man or woman,
But yet had in their breasts hearts very human.

And the crack, crack of whose immense whips nearly drove the white cockatoo frantic in his endeavours to imitate, as they passed the sign of the Woolpack.

"Didn't I say," remarked old T—the next morning, as we were smoking an early pipe in the broad verandah—"didn't I say they'd be here in droves soon's the line opened?" And sure enough, looking in the direction of his outstretched finger, I saw fully twenty new chums coming down the street from the railway station—the same fat, red faces, little black hats, and corduroys, but apparently jovial enough, for they were singing something about seeing the "Shah" at the very top of their voices.

All at once flashed into my mind that fiery December day two years ago, with the hot, dusty, far-stretching road and the three tired and despondent wayfarers, about whom I at once inquired.

"Ah!" said the old fellow. "They wouldn't go back now to their Nottinghamshire, or whatever it is. They're doing well. Steady, sober young fellers they turned out. A credit to the district, they is. One's a droving fat sheep for old 11— (a neighbouring squatter). No 2, he's grown out o' knowledge, an's married, an's got a dray an couple o' horses. As for No. 3, why I kept him when he left the station; he's good as gold, that young feller, works like a horse. He's out at the farm now, and, ha, ha, ha!" laughed old T—, "I do b'lieve as he's a sticking up to my Aggie, an' I won't be the one to say no if —" Here the damsel in question appeared to announce that breakfast was ready, and the old man, chuckling hugely, said, "Well, Mr. —, all I can say is that I hope all the others the old country sends out to us will do as well as our first new chums have done. One time I didn't care much about 'em; but I says now, let 'em come. What! there's room an' a livin' for 'em all out here."

L. L.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

Two little volumes of slight, but graceful and sympathetic, verse are "An Irish Garland" by Mrs. Piatt, and "The Children Out-of-Doors" a book of verses by "Two in One House" (Edinburgh: David Douglas). In the former, pathos distinguishes the best pieces, such as "On the Pier at Queenstown" and "The Confession of my Neighbour," but there is a vein of quaint humour in places, as in a charming little child-like poem, "Comfort Through a Window." It is an open secret that the other volume is the joint production of the same lady and her husband, Mr. J. J. Piatt, both of whom have, perhaps, a more established reputation in America than here; there can be but little difficulty in deciding upon the several authorship of the two sections, and it must be frankly admitted that Mrs. Piatt's contributions are the best in the collection. "A Neighbourhood Incident" is remarkable for its powerful ending, whilst "The Little Cowherd" shows the same qualities which have been praised in the other book; the piece which names the entire series is also very telling.

A pamphlet containing some smart and humorous comic verse is "Latterday Legends; Being Rummy Romances," by William Sapse, jun. (Samuel French), though we could have dispensed with the sub-title. Some of the pieces have, it seems, appeared in contemporary journals and magazines, and were no doubt appreciated by such of their readers as wanted a hearty laugh at innocent fun. The best of the series is "The House Brought Down," from *London Society*, but "Damon and Pythias" is clever and laughable.

A volume of verse which seems to have made some mark in its native country is "The Confessions of Hermes, and Other Poems," by Paul Hermes (Philadelphia: David McKay), but we fear that it is not destined to meet with wide appreciation on this side of the Atlantic. The author states in his preface that "the longest poem in this collection records the spiritual development of one modern man," but it is not easy to determine into what he develops. So far as we understand the rather clumsy blank verse in which the not too novel theme is clothed, Hermes seems to have engaged in a search after ideal Truth, and to have arrived at unsatisfactory conclusions. But there is really no new thought in the piece, and it strikes one that its subject might very well have contented himself with the beliefs of his fathers, as he gives no evidence of being a Heaven-sent preacher. The style is at times obscure. How do people "sacrifice" a "rite"? Of the minor pieces it is unnecessary to speak at any length, but they contain some novel information and striking imagery. We learn (page 126) that eagles swoop upon sparrows, and page 73 introduces us to the following beautiful simile:—

Else the earth would dart from sight
Like a cinder in the night.

The collection winds up with an "Epigraph," the meaning of which baffles us:—

What I was, reader, here you see:
'Tis what you are, or yet may be.
If my message lodge in a single heart,
'Twill sprout and thrive: I've played my part.

As a general rule we rather dread new commentaries on Shakespeare, but we have derived a certain amount both of pleasure and instruction from Mr. Matthias Mull's attempt at an elucidation of obscure passages in "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" (Kegan Paul). No one can deny that the pamphlet contains some useful suggestions, even though the author may have been tempted at times to press his theory too far. His aim is not only to correct passages acknowledged to be corrupt, but to furnish emendations of hitherto unsuspected errors of the Press or the copyist, in which task much aid is sought—and in places happily—from a change of the accepted punctuation. We would draw special attention to ingenious suggestions as to the amendment of two passages, either of which has been the *crux* of commentators—viz., "And either the devil" (Act III., scene 4), and "Go, get thee to Vaughan" (Act V., scene 1). On the other hand, the marginal notes presuppose a most ignorant set of readers, and are not invariably correct. What is gained by explaining "happiness" to mean "felicity," or "with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death" as "with utmost speed"? "Nestling" also does not convey the right meaning of "eyas," a term exclusively used of the young of the hawk, and employed, of course, by Shakespeare to carry on Rosencrantz's simile. But, on the whole, Mr. Mull's little work deserves consideration.

"Greek Folk Songs from the Turkish Provinces of Greece," literal and metrical translations, by Lucy M. J. Garnett, classified, revised, and edited, with an historical introduction on the survivals of Paganism, by John S. Stuart Glennie, M.A. (Elliot Stock), is the title of a curious and interesting book. We will not stop to enquire how far the ingenious editor proves his case, as touching the supposed survival of Paganism, which he thinks such matter for rejoicing—that task must be left to the judgment of each reader. But when we find the personalising of natural phenomena claimed as a sign of Paganism, we are tempted to wonder that all countries enjoying a share of legends and fairy tales are not credited with the possession of that blessing, and the passage about Gaelic and so-called Lowland Scotch, at page 23, fairly puzzles us—what in the world have the two languages in common? Mr. Stuart Glennie's attitude as regards the subject may be gathered from his reference to "the apocryphal Epistle to Titus," and certain of the notes, one of which at least (p. 24, note 13) might with advantage have been omitted. Miss Garnett has done her share remarkably well; her renderings have both taste and spirit, and will give pleasure, not only to Phil-Hellenes and antiquarians, but to all lovers of true poetry. It is very interesting to trace in the nursery rhymes the possible originals of some of our own childish favourites, e.g., in the first and second of the series; whilst it is impossible not to be struck by the similarity between the dancing song, "The Green Tree," and our own popular rustic game of drop-handkerchief. There are some good carols at pp. 94, 98, and 101, and at least one fine ballad, that of "Thanásé Vaghia." The poems will decidedly repay perusal.

Another volume dealing with Hellenic matters is "Greek Lays, Idylls, Legends, &c.," a selection from recent and contemporary poets, translated by E. M. Edmonds, with introduction and notes (Trübner). The prefatory remarks by Mr. Matthias Jenkyns are good and to the purpose, whilst the historical episodes introduced, especially that of Constantine Kanaris, will be as new to many as they are exciting. The author's translations are for the most part very good; amongst the best may be noted "The Bell," from the Greek of Aristotle Valaoritis, "The Rain," "Lenoula," and "The Building of Santa Sophia," the legend of which curiously recalls a Cornish story, upon which the late Rev. R. S. Hawker based one of his most graceful poems.



MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—Much refinement and taste are displayed in "Six Songs, for Two Voices, from Shakespeare," music by Mary Carmichael. Prettiest of the set are No. I., "Tell Me, Where is Fancy Bred?" (*The Merchant of Venice*); and No. IV., "Take, Oh Take those Lips Away" (*Measure for Measure*); but all are worthy of praise.—A dainty little poem, "Liebe, Liebe, ach die Liebe," translated from the Hungarian of Alex. Petöfi into German by Neugebauer, has been set to very charming music by Maude Valérie White for a soprano voice.—Imbued with pure and healthy sentiment is "Recalled," written and composed by Cotsford Dick and Charlton Speer.—"Is It So?" the sad words by Brandon Thomas, music by Alfred Allen, is a well-written song for a soprano.—No. 263 of "Part Songs" is a very flowing and graceful serenade for mixed voices, entitled "Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes," music by Henry Leslie, who has also tastefully set to music "O, Let Me Play the Fool," for six voices, poetry by Shakespeare, from *The Merchant of Venice*.— "Largo for Violin and Piano," by Amand Smith, about 1780, is No. I. of Otto Peiniger's edition of "Old English Music," and not only interesting on account of its antiquity, but for its sterling merit. Herr Peiniger played it at his recitals, where it was well received.

MESSRS. F. AMOS AND CO.—When we find that a song has arrived at its fiftieth edition, there can be no question of its popularity. "The Gauntlet," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Humphrey J. Stark, well deserves the position to which it has attained in the ballad ranks.—By the same *collaborateurs* is a stirring ballad, entitled "Across the Border," published in D and in E.—Of more than average merit is a song, written and composed by two old-established favourites, Frederick Langbridge and J. L. Hatton, entitled "I Wandered in the Gloaming;" the compass is from D sharp to G. This song should be sung by a tenor.—The words, by Claxson Bellamy, of "Soldiers' Wives," are superior to the music, by J. E. Webster; but, as a whole, this song will prove a success.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Rev. H. F. Lyte's well-known and favourite hymn, "The Distant Home," has been well set to appropriate music of a devotional character by Edwin M. Flavell.—There is much originality in "Sing On," a poem by Thomas Williams, set to suitable music by Henry Klein; published in F and in B flat (Henry Klein).—"The Changeless Love," poetry by the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, M.A., music by Arthur Briscoe, is a pleasing song for the home circle; it is of medium compass (C. B. Tree).—"Only to Love Thee Once Again" is a doleful ditty in a minor key, written and composed by George H. L. Edwards (Messrs. Novello).—To those who admire the poetry of A. C. Swinburne, "Song Before Death," music by C. A. Ranken, will prove interesting; it is of medium compass (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—Moore's sweet little poem "There's a Bower of Roses," from "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," has been prettily set to music by J. Perks (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"Lubin's Wooing" is a *naïve* tale of rustic courtship, written and composed by F. K. Grainger and J. W. O. Bamworth; it is arranged for a soprano voice (Messrs. R. Mills and Sons).—"A Fantasia for Violin and Pianoforte," composed by Ernest Brumleu, bears the stamp of a musician's hand, and is well worthy the attention of executants on these instruments (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—"The Princess Beatrice Bridal March," by Karl Hahn, is of that ordinary type which is generally to be met with in *pièces de circonstance*; the portrait of the Royal Bride elect on the frontispiece is very good (J. F. Schipper and Co.).

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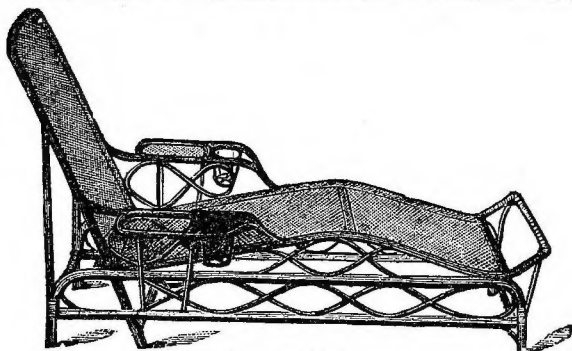
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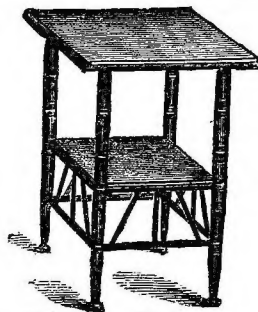

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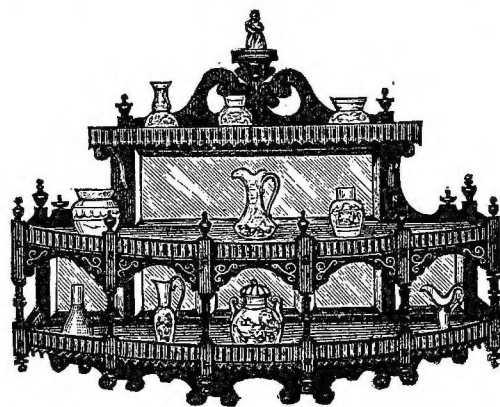
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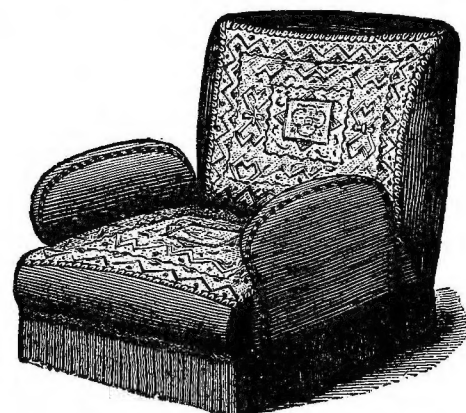

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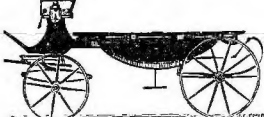
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